Woody Allen on Brain Transplants
John Osborne on Mondale at Work

THE NEW REPUBLIC

April 23, 1977 Price 75 cents

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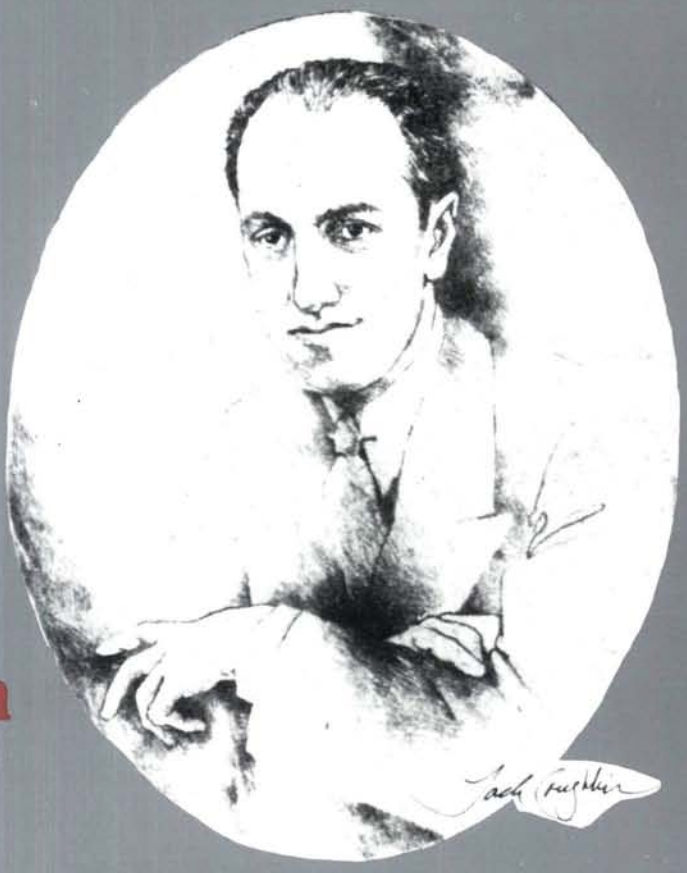

Rhapsody For Gershwin

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A Vintage Antique - *Roger Morris*

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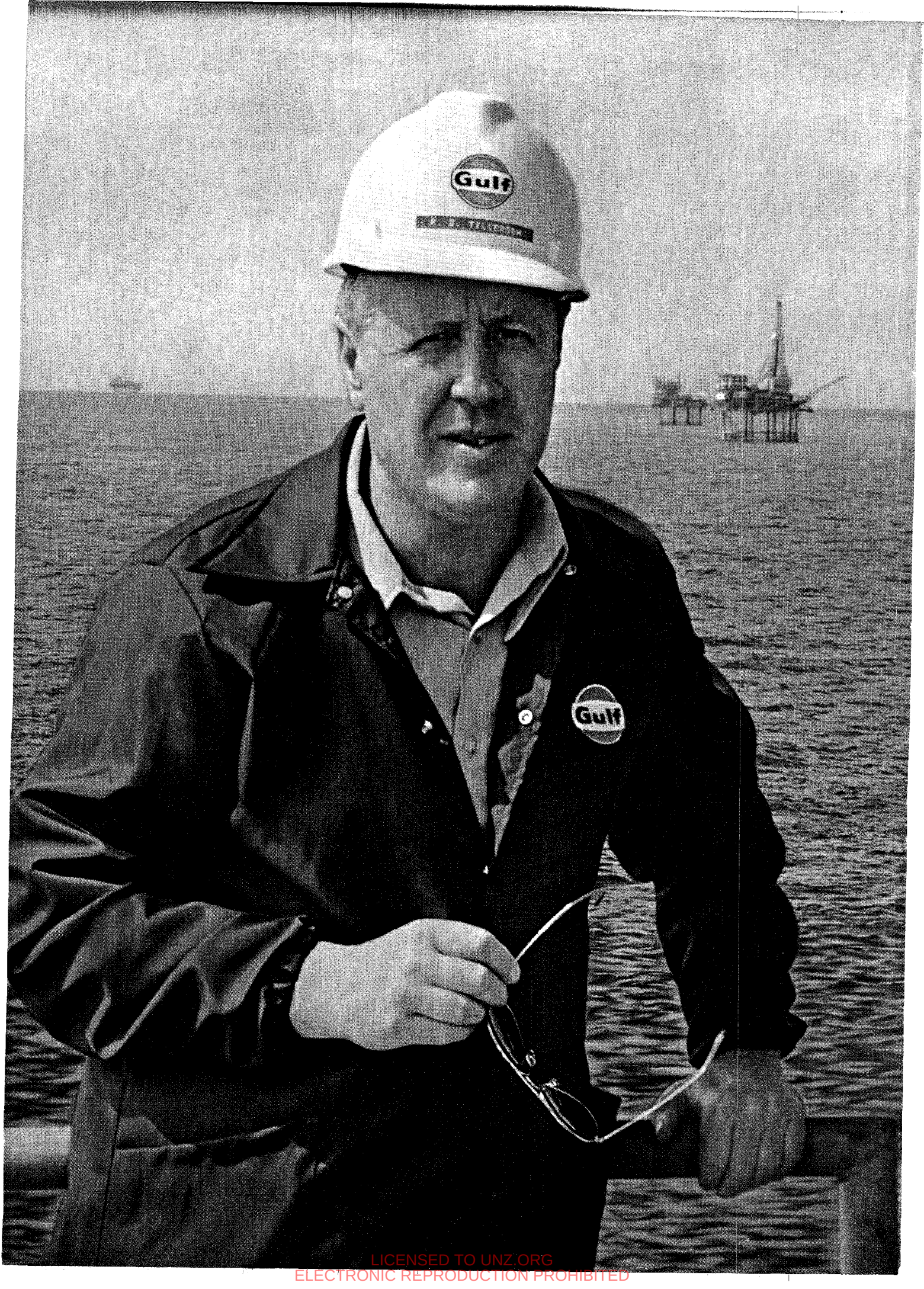

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"Friends ask me if we cap natural gas wells instead of sending the gas someplace useful."

"I get questions like that every day," says Gulf Offshore Operations Manager Roy Tillerson.

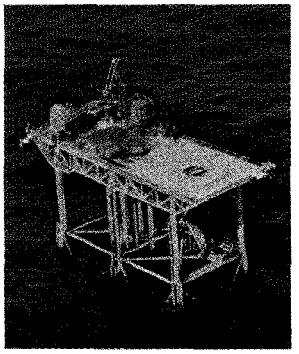
"People say, 'Is it true there are capped natural gas wells when people need gas so badly?'

"I have to say yes, because there are. But it's not that simple.

One well isn't a field

"When a company thinks there's natural gas down there, it drills an exploratory well. But one gas well doesn't make a gas field. If you find gas with the first well, you have to cap it and drill maybe a dozen more, to see how much gas there is.

"People say, 'If you know there's gas, why not just build a pipeline to where it can be used?'



"Gulf has hundreds of gas wells in the Gulf of Mexico, working at full capacity."

"And I say, a gas field could cover anywhere from one square mile to a thousand. Until you know how big the field is, you don't know how big a pipeline to build. In many cases, federal law doesn't allow pipeline construction until it can be proved there's enough gas in the field to justify it.

"Even if you were allowed to build unlimited pipelines, the cost of the pipelines would send the price of gas out of sight. For instance, Gulf just finished a 60-mile gathering pipeline that cost $25 million. It was built to serve as many as 36 wells. You can see that a separate pipeline for each of those wells would be astronomically expensive.

"This is a capped well. But one well is a long way from bringing in enough gas to make a pipeline practical."

Working full time

"So we cap wells until we find enough natural gas to make it practical to pipe it out.

"Gulf already has thousands of wells producing all the natural gas they can. The challenge we're facing now is to find more natural gas, and ship it to consumers the cheapest way."

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Gulf Oil Corporation

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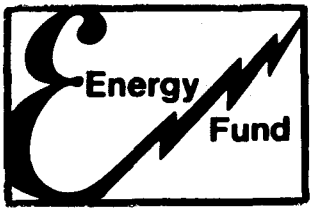

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TRB

from Washington ®
April 23, 1977

The Real Beginning

He slipped in quietly, unannounced, and before we knew it or could rise in the usual courtesy gesture of the press for the president, was standing behind the lectern in the White House briefing room. Mr. Carter said he had a couple of announcements to make and would answer "a few questions."

Close to him, like that, I notice how ruddy his face is, how worn and lined, how different at close range from the caricaturists' stereotype; there is a quiet, agreeable directness; no toothy grin at all. His face always reminds me somehow of Eleanor Roosevelt's. There's a lot of determination in it, not to say obstinacy.

This is about the three months' point where the real administration of a new president begins. The public likes a new president; there's always a post-election elation over a new figure, a period of symbolic gestures—a general feeling of closing ranks round the new crowned king. The penalty of all the power we pile on a president is that it normally promotes a counter-desire to destroy him; we haven't reached that stage yet.

The present stage is that Mr. Carter has got to stop grandstanding now and get down to business; he must come to grips with some of his hardest domestic decisions, every one of which will alienate a section of the electorate. He's not running against the Washington establishment now, he *is* the establishment; all those silly promises to cut the White House staff, to reduce the Federal agencies from 1900 to 200, had better be moth-balled. He has the energy program in Congress next week, and he has the fight to get his economic package—already there—though, and the battle to halt inflation. The real Carter administration is just beginning.

This impromptu press conference was primarily about energy, in particular about international nuclear energy. Nearly everything that happens in Washington has elements of irony, sometimes laid on so thick you can hardly bear it. Do you remember, 10 years ago, how nuclear energy was going to solve the fuel problem? In 1966 a report in the *Wall Street Journal* carried forecasts that there would be "almost limitless supplies of power from nuclear plants, expected eventually to be the cheapest source of energy almost everywhere on the globe." Maybe in another 10 years that will be in style again. But Jimmy Carter now was warning the nations of the world to lay off plutonium power, and above all the breeder-reaction process, and announcing that the United States was waiving it and preparing to put its nuclear wastes in safe storage somewhere (where they will remain lethal for thousands of years.)

It just happens that fate tapped Jimmy Carter to take over the US energy problem, to see if he can get America to make the sacrifices that have to be made and to persuade it to change its lifestyle. His two predecessors flubbed it. Nixon said the problem was "solved"; Ford accepted the advice of the same conservative experts who brought him to election day with the biggest, longest, most serious recession since 1930.

It's a particularly tough problem for the President because the energy shortage isn't immediately evident; anybody with the money can buy all the gasoline he or she wants; cost, around 60 cents a gallon, half the price of gas in England, Germany and Japan, a third of that in France.

So the first question is whether it's an "emergency." For this I offer a familiar figure, bending seriously over a table before the Senate energy committee recently: a man with a slight accent, Henry Kissinger. He's accepted the chairmanship of the "Alliance to Save Energy" and he appeared to testify looking sober, serious and weighty, without the slightest touch of his customary wit and humor. If you can stand a few statistics, here's what he said: with only six percent of the world's four billion people the US now consumes one-third of its energy (yes, a third). A US citizen uses eight times more energy a year than his world neighbor. Projected trends indicate reserves of oil and natural gas will run out by AD 2000 with prices already quintupled. He quoted planners as saying that "at least 40 percent of the US energy consumed in 1975 could have been saved through improved operating and maintenance efficiencies." And he called it solemnly "the most critical

(continued on page 34)

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"Like wrestling over deck chairs on the Titanic as it's sinking . . ."

That's how Rep. Mike McCormack, one of the leading energy authorities in Congress, once described national efforts to develop a comprehensive energy policy.

Prospects for an end to that kind of fruitless activity are looking better, we're pleased to say. But crucial tests still lie ahead—tests of national will, of tough-mindedness in facing up to the need for balanced goals and programs, of getting plans operating effectively.

This past winter should have taught us some important lessons; one being that cold houses and closed factories and schools make a poor foundation on which to build a future for a nation such as ours.

A realistic energy policy must by all means emphasize conservation of our precious natural resources and protection of our environment. It must also, we believe, include specific programs to eliminate wasteful energy consumption, require fuller utilization of coal and acceleration of nuclear development in order to buy the time we need to get other promising technologies—solar and fusion, for instance—working for us.

Our business is energy . . . energy and progress. We've been pushing for a comprehensive national energy policy for close to 20 years—and we'll keep at it until we get one.

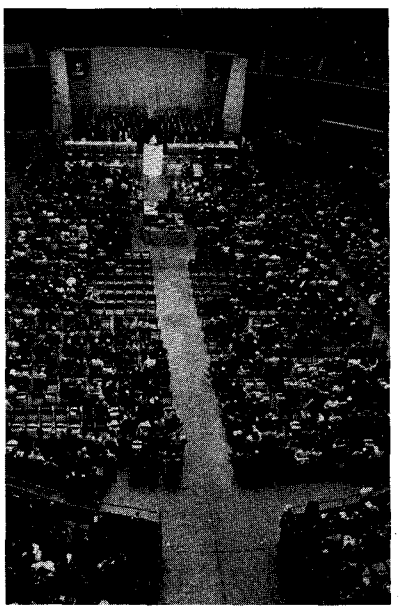
Many individuals and organizations have made energy policy recommendations. Rural electric leaders from Maine to California have put on the record our views . . . based on 40 years of experience and the input of 25 million consumer-members.

Determined people working together toward a common goal—listening to all sides of an issue, compromising, cooperating—can get the big jobs done.

That's how we worked with our consumer-owners to write one of the greatest success stories of the 20th century . . . bringing electric light and power to rural America.

That's how we're working today, to serve our communities, our country.

That's how we'll continue to work with our nation's leaders, to achieve a comprehensive, coherent energy policy.



Annually, delegates from each of the nation's nearly 1000 rural electric cooperatives and public power districts meet to formulate and adopt policies on national issues.

Mr. President, Members of Congress, we pledge our cooperation

America's rural electric systems

The National Rural Electric Cooperative Association is the service organization for the nation's electric cooperatives. For a copy of rural electric energy positions, write "Viewpoints," NRECA, 2000 Florida Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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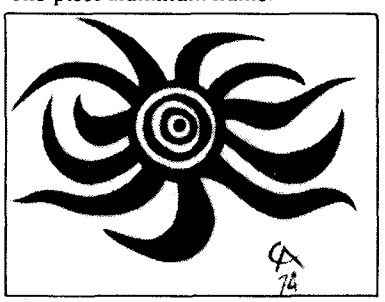

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

April 23, 1977

Running in Office

A favorite Washington pastime at the beginning of every administration is finding out which journalists and columnists will enjoy special status or influence with the new President. Every administration plays favorites at one time or another. With JFK, it was the columnist Charles Bartlett and *Newsweek* correspondent Ben Bradlee (who, if his own account is taken at face value, may have achieved a unique level of intimacy). With LBJ it was sometimes James Reston of the *New York Times*, sometimes Hugh Sidey of *Time* magazine. Even Nixon had Garnett Horner of the *Washington Star*, a special feeder at the trough and bitter-end defender in the most beleaguered times.

During the campaign, Jimmy Carter found very few members of the Washington press corps to his liking. They had no concern whatever with issues, he said, only with trapping him into saying something damaging and thus newsworthy. But it takes two to honeymoon, and those who watch the constellations carefully are beginning to see signs. At the outset,

First, I want to thank you ladies for inviting me over to your quilting bee to discuss a few things, cost of living, groceries an' the like . . . why, I was just saying to Sadie Hopkins over in Clinton only the other day . . ."

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Carter was said to feel that Jack Nelson of the *Los Angeles Times*, a Southerner, had a special feel for the Carter presidential style. Then, when Jules Witcover and Jack Germond began a daily political column designed to compete with Evans and Novak (who are detested by Carter staffers), Germond found himself on a White House dinner list and Witcover got an early private interview inside the Oval Office.

One journalist whose star is now clearly in the ascendant is Garry Trudeau, the young genius out of Yale who draws "Doonesbury." During the winding down of Vietnam and the winding up of Watergate, there were times when Trudeau, operating from New Haven, made better sense of what was going on in Washington in four comic panels a day than on-the-scene commentators with lofty reputations, highly placed sources and all the column inches they asked for. Trudeau is a gentle satirist with a finely honed sense of the absurd who only happens to use the medium of the comic strip. Political satire is not so easy to write these days because it has to be at the margin of believability and, at the same time, at least one jump ahead of real events. Under those rules it's tough to compete with the daily papers.

The tale that "Doonesbury" is telling in these calmer times is of Duane Delacourt, a youngish mustachioed fellow who works in the White House in his stocking feet and serves the new administration as Secretary of Symbolism. Delacourt is the man in charge of inaugural walks, town meetings, call-in shows, fireside chats and awarding little bowling league-type trophies to nations that earn high marks on Jimmy Carter's human rights tests. Delacourt also recently bailed out Secretary of State Cyrus Vance by explaining UN Ambassador Andrew Young's real role: "Cy, Andy is a symbol!"

There's been ample commentary on Jimmy Carter's symbols, from suit bags and cardigans to cutting back on White House perks, turning down the thermostats and eliminating "Hail to the Chief" (in favor, God help us, of "I'll Be Loving You, Always"). But you know for certain that a journalist is influential when he's a step ahead of the White House, when his ideas are being coopted by the Administration as its own. So it is with Trudeau. A few days after Secretary of Symbolism Delacourt won confirmation by the Senate (stressing that the voters really appreciate the fact that Jimmy Carter "cares enough to campaign after the election"), one of the President's real-life deputies met with a battery of Washington reporters to explain the significance of Carter's symbolic acts.

Mark Siegel is not actually a Secretary of Symbolism; he is a deputy assistant to the President for policy analysis, and a smart fellow with sensitive political antennae. But symbols were on his agenda, and Siegel told the press that the President's symbolic activity had a purpose, that it was designed to restore proper trust and faith in government before Mr. Carter begins asking Americans to make the sacrifices some of his future programs will require. Siegel defined his job as "trying to isolate and analyze the political implications and effects" of various administration policy options on different constituent groups. Mr. Carter's symbolic acts have been popularity plusses for him, Siegel claims. He said that private polls conducted for him by Patrick Caddell show the President up 10 points from when he initially assumed office. The constituent groups that Siegel analyzes include those that make up Carter's political base and those that form the Democratic coalition. The President has solidified his support among lower income and blue collar Americans, Siegel reports. Black support has held steady at about 90 percent, and the Administration's human rights proclamations have been especially well received by Jews, which "is very important because they are concentrated in a number of key states."

There, in a capsule, you have Garry Trudeau's problem. Reality is on the verge of overtaking satire; Jimmy Carter *is* still campaigning! His campaign pollster, Caddell, has opened a Washington office, been cleared by the FBI and attends regular Wednesday morning White House political meetings. His campaign adman, Jerry Rafshoon, shares space in Caddell's new Washington office, a few steps away from 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, and he too is at the ready. Carter's deputy assistant for policy analysis (!) already has an eye on the popularity polls and the constituent groups that make up the President's political base. There may not actually be a Secretary of Symbolism, but perhaps a Secretariat?

Polls are at the heart of this: taking them, reading them, relying on them and measuring the success or failure of policies in terms of polls sampling either the general population or key electoral groups. Anticipating the criticism, Siegel insists that Carter is not a "finger in the air" President. "He has much more confidence in his own judgment than that." Other modern Presidents have employed pollsters—some with public monies, which Carter is not doing—and there are some perfectly valid reasons for doing so. For example, it's obviously helpful for any President contemplating a tax rebate to stimulate the economy to know that nearly two-thirds of the citizens who will receive that rebate don't actually intend to use the money in any way that will actually stimulate the economy, but plan instead to pay off old debts or put the money right in the bank. Also, for a President who's of a mind to balance the budget, it's probably helpful to know that when asked about cuts in government spending, people tell pollsters that they prefer cutting defense over education, over environmental control programs and over federal health programs.

Carter may not opt to follow any of that advice, of course, but at least the polls help him to know where he stands with the electorate one way or the other. Harry

(continued on page 9)

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Correspondence

Warnke and the Russians, I

To the editors:

In "The Real Paul Warnke" (*TNR*, Mar. 26) Paul Warnke seems to be going in two directions at once. First, he denies that either the United States or the Soviet Union have any meaningful superiority over each other in nuclear weapons. At the same time, he talks about political disadvantages.

> *Certainly, if the Soviet Union had such a gross numerical advantage as to be perceived as being quote superior close quote to the United States, that would put us at certain political disadvantages even though the military significance of this might be relatively small. When it comes to nuclear weapons, political perception is important. That's one of the reasons why I've always felt that it's a very bad idea for Americans to poormouth their capability and to talk as though they thought that the Soviet Union somehow was superior to us. It isn't.*
>
> *Let's look at it this way: The Soviet Union has more missile launchers than we have. Now that is a kind of "superiority" which is clearly without any kind of significance, unless by our own rhetoric we give it political significance that it does not deserve.*
>
> *In the most meaningful measure, which is individually deliverable nuclear warheads, we still have something close to a three-to-one lead. And even that doesn't give us any meaningful superiority over the Soviet Union.*

In the Warnke confirmation hearings and in other statements, Sens. Henry Jackson, Howard Baker and others made clear their belief that nuclear strategic superiority *can* be achieved by either the US or the USSR. Where the overkill capacity of both nations is demonstrated to them, they fall back upon the political, psychological and propaganda advantages of a larger nuclear arsenal. They fear that the superpower with the largest arsenal can destroy the will to resist of the other superpower, even though both powers will have secure retaliatory forces on the land through missiles, in the air by bombers, and under the oceans in submarines—all equipped with more than enough nuclear bombs to destroy the other power many times over.

Clearly, when political, psychological and propaganda factors are injected into the argument there can be absolutely no limit to the amount of weaponry that should be built—in so-called self-defense. By accepting this argument, Warnke has lost the battle to contain the nuclear arms race.

Jerome Grossman
Democratic National Committeeman
Wellesley, Massachusetts

Warnke and the Russians, II

To the editors:

Having just completed Saul Bellow's sadly, tough-mindedly realistic *To Jerusalem and Back*, I picked up *TNR* of March 26, and began with "The Real Paul Warnke." I don't know whether to laugh or to cry when Warnke confides that he hasn't yet made up his mind, "if we find ourselves in a hostile world, [and if we do] our foreign policy has been idiotic." Precisely! It is hostile; we are foolish. We liberal Americans know everything but refuse to see the unpleasant world under our noses. The Sakharovs and Solzhenitsyns, who know the Soviets well, see us as stupid and narcissistic because we do not care to know our adversary. The cold war has never ended; we have merely decided to ignore it.

Why do we ignore the Soviets building air and/or naval bases, despite their limping economy, in eight Afro-Asian countries astride the oil-tanker routes from the Persian Gulf to Western Europe and Japan? They will soon complete that project and achieve what Hitler could not, the subjugation of the Eurasian land-mass (China would soon have to knuckle under) and hegemony over Africa. We even know that the Soviets will use the same fifth

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columns, the same Quislings the Nazis did (See "Eurocommunists Exposed" in the same issue of *TNR*). *Apparatchiks* have discovered they need not imprison millions to cow the people. Totalitarian subjects can be bought off with the great privileges (or hope of attaining) of access to special stores not open to the masses, and the muted threat of psychiatric prisons. People need not be eager to betray their mothers; they must only inform on their second cousins for the apparatus to function. And *we* applaud growing Soviet liberalism!

The Russians have a growing Mediterranean fleet, almost a million men and 14,000 tanks on their western borders. They can be deep into West Germany and Austria before our two US-based airborne divisions can get their European-warehoused tanks out of mothballs. We are never going to atom-bomb our allies, not even Russians; however, Warnke prattles on about nuclear arms control, with never a word about conventional weapons, in which the Russians have superiority. And if Helsinki's Basket III is mocked, why will they adhere to arms controls? William Buckley, who occasionally writes something sensible, points out that the best, perhaps only, adequate inspection of arms control is the existence of a free press in an adversary relationship to government.

Harold J. Wershow
University of Alabama in Birmingham

Discriminating audience

To the editors:
When *TNR* is written by those whose degrees are achieved through "affirmative action" and "reverse discrimination", rather than through "merit" (see "The Bogus Order of Merit," *TNR*, April 2), you will have put your money where your mouth is, and I suspect you will have no readers.

Abraham S. Haft, MD
Bronx, New York

They've done it again

To the editors:
It was a pleasure to read your story, "ITT Branches Out," (*TNR*, Apr.2). We always find it inspirational to hear that Yankee ingenuity has triumphed again.

Our hats go off to ITT for its wood chip bread. We also suggest an advertising campaign that goes something like this: "Fresh Horizons, the bread from those wonderful folks who brought you the overthrow of Allende and the financing of Nixon . . ."

We have just one question: What's next, Harold Geneen?

Dennis Schain
William Tierney
Manchester, Connecticut

Yes'm

To the editors:
There is no excuse for *The New Republic* to continue such snide usage of "miz Lillian Carter." It is a surliness that unbecomes you.

A less important point is that you have missed our nuances. We may *say* "Miss Lillian" (it is an address that combines affection and respect). We say "Miz Carter" (Miz as in *Ms.* Magazine). But we would never *say* "miz Lillian Carter" and we would never, never *write* it.

As a longtime southern subscriber to *The New Republic* I am annoyed at your relentless and embarrassing crabbiness.

Martha Ragland
Nashville, Tennessee

First in Socialism

To the editors:
Passion is no excuse for ignorance even if it results in Henry Fairlie's "passionate rediscovery of American Socialism" (*TNR*, Mar. 5 & 26).

"Truly American Socialism" was not miraculously born at the recent convention of the Democratic Socialist Organizing Committee (DSOC). Unbeknown to Mr. Fairlie, truly American Socialism has been part of the American scene continuously since at least the turn of the century. Permit me to set forth a number of readily ascertainable facts:

1.) The oldest and most representative organization in America dedicated to democratic Socialism is the Social Democrats, USA (SDUSA), which is in the direct line of descent from Eugene Debs, Morris Hillquit and Norman Thomas and the former Socialist party.

2.) The DSOC is a recent minority break-away from the SDUSA. If Mr. Fairlie had known this important fact, he might have inquired as to the reasons for the breach and might have reached a different evaluation of the DSOC.

3.)The SDUSA is the only official American affiliate of the Socialist International, to which the European parties praised by Mr. Fairlie belong. Only last month, the SDUSA was addressed by Willy Brandt, newly-elected president of the Socialist International, during his American visit.

As for his passionate account of how firmly the DSOC's socialism rests on a democratic base, the usually well-informed Mr. Fairlie surely must have overlooked *The New York Times* story of March 6, which quoted Michael Harrington, leader of the DSOC, as having said, "the struggle for socialism in the Soviet Union is the struggle of democracy" and as having included Lenin (!) among the advocates of human rights. This oxymoronic statement may help to explain why the DSOC seceded from the SDUSA which stands for a different conception of Socialist democracy and human rights.

Elias M. Schwarzbart
New York, New York

To the editors:
Henry Fairlie's article ("The Passionate Socialist," *TNR*, Mar. 26) presents some extremely interesting incongruities. His style is superb: "Weather reports are marvelous scooped up bits of history." Then Mr. Fairlie goes on to say: "Military academies are like utopias." It is evident that Mr. Fairlie dislikes utopias but is in favor of socialism. But what is socialism if not one of the "grandest" of utopias? His ideas are ridiculous. I have always read Henry Fairlie for his writing style, not his ideas.

Stephen Housman
Fort Lee, New Jersey

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(continued from page 6)

Truman once said that the function of leadership is making people do what they don't want to do and like it. So if a national energy policy will require Carter to force some bitter pills down the throats of the American public—and the President seems to be banking his popularity against negative reaction to new energy taxes and other curbs on consumption—it's fair enough for him to assess the potential consequences of those programs in advance.

One political commentator suggested recently that Jimmy Carter simply install Pat Caddell in the White House as the official pollster of his administration. Notwithstanding George Gallup's oft-repeated theory that polls are the most useful instrument of democracy ever devised, the trouble with a political pollster in the White House, or an administration that has its eyes glued to the popularity charts, is that as a guide to policy polls can be dangerously misleading, because they're wrong or oversimplified or because they're misread or misused. Sometimes public opinion is just too fickle to be reliably measured. One example is the issue of capital punishment: the public is for it when it's outlawed and against it when executions are actually taking place. On other issues the polls seem to lag behind the public's real mood. Most pollsters now concede, for example, that Richard Nixon's impeachment went forward more slowly than necessary and the nation remained paralyzed much longer than necessary because for months the pollsters—and thus official Washington on both sides of the issue—misread the public mood. On some issues like gun control, unfortunately, the polls combine with political timidity to define the views of many politicians, to the certain detriment of the Republic. And of course it is no great comfort to look back and note that American Presidents have been able to count on a highly favorable public response in any foreign crisis, no matter how contrived or wrongheaded the policies that produced it. Eisenhower's popularity rose during the U-2 crisis, Kennedy's during the Bay of Pigs, LBJ's during the Tonkin Gulf incident, Nixon's during the invasion of Cambodia and Ford's during the *Mayaguez* seizure.

President Johnson always had a poll in his pocket to support his talk of "consensus," until his consensus disappeared. Under President Nixon, Charles Colson was in charge of polls and pollsters; he used them to build the administration's imaginary "silent majority." It isn't fair to taint President Carter and his lieutenants with the sins of the past. But it is fair to note that when the popularity figures are being puffed up by symbolic acts, then analyzed and evaluated in terms of the President's political base, the line delineating the end of symbols and the beginning of policy can tend to get a little blurred, at least to those of us outside. Take the notorious cutoff of water projects as an example. Are these projects necessary, as the representatives of the affected districts unanimously contend, or an expensive congressional boondoggle? Is this President Carter cutting out needless waste in the federal government as he promised during the campaign, or Jimmy Carter accomplishing the remarkable feat of running against Washington—solidifying his base, as it were—while sitting in the Oval Office? Either way, those favorable public opinion polls, intentionally inflated by techniques involving town meetings, Amy's tree house and the moth-balled fleet of White House limousines, are part of the President's political arsenal, and they will be an important factor in dealing with Congress over whether the cuts are restored or sustained.

The White House asserts that Carter's "symbolic gestures are really substantive" because they restore trust and faith in government. There is a little sleight-of-hand in this, and maybe some deception. Symbols and popularity ratings are most dangerous when they become confused with substance. It is walking that fine line between satire and reality, right out there with Duane Delacourt.

26,911 Little Words

"Pipeline Pete," a rough-hewn, pipe-smoking fellow with a hard hat, is a creation of the propaganda arm of the Mobil Oil Corporation. His words of folk wisdom appear at the bottom of a column called "Observations," which Mobil puts in places like the Sunday *New York Times* Magazine. One recent Sunday (April 10) P.P. was all riled up about meddlesome government regulations, one of his favorite topics. As reported by Mobil, here are Pete's thoughts:

Pipeline Pete says: *"The Lord's Prayer has 56 words; at Gettysburg, Lincoln spoke only 268 long-remembered words; and we got a whole country goin' on the 1,322 words in the Declaration of Independence. So how come it took the federal government 26,911 words to issue a regulation on the sale of cabbages?"*

These simple but honest reflections aroused our interest. We approve of the general sentiment that people ought to be able to go about their business without the government interferin' too much. But we wondered about these cabbage regulations. In our experience when government regulations are that long and complicated, it's usually because some special interests have had limitations, exceptions, exclusions, etc., carved out for themselves. The oil industry, to pick a random example, is familiar with these techniques. It is responsible for certain provisions that greatly enhance the length and complexity of the Internal Revenue Code. Is it possible, we wondered, that the cabbage lobby was author of some of these 26,911 words?

We called Mobil's public affairs office in New York, to

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find out which government agency had been leaving its heavy boot prints in the nation's private cabbage patches. We had to admit there were all too many possibilities: the Agriculture Department, the Food and Drug Administration, the Federal Trade Commission, perhaps the Comptroller of the Currency. The people at Mobil said they didn't know. They had lifted the anecdote from an editorial in the Fall 1976 edition of *Progress*, the house organ of FMC Corporation, an agricultural concern in Chicago. You would think that FMC would be on top of the cabbage situation, but it turns out they borrowed the story from the May 5, 1976, issue of *NAM Reports*, published by the National Association of Manufacturers here in Washington. The editor of that publication said she got it from an NAM director, whose name she could not remember, who had it printed on a card he carried around with him (presumably for whatever inspiration can be derived from constant reminder of the number of words in various inspirational texts).

There is no such regulation and there never was. By some miracle, the federal government apparently does not specifically regulate the sale of cabbages at all. But the story of the phantom cabbage regulation, along with the comparison to documents of greater nobility but shorter length, has surfaced hundreds of times, usually in right-wing or business-oriented publications. (Both major publications of Dow Jones, Inc., *The Wall Street Journal* and *The National Observer*, have fallen for the hoax.) Max Hall, a research director at the Harvard Business School, has traced the story back as far as July 28, 1951, when it appeared in a farm journal called *New England Homestead*. At that time it included the Ten Commandments (297 words) instead of the Lord's Prayer, and attached itself specifically to the regulations of the Korean War Office of Price Stabilization. Mr. Hall claims that as an oral tradition the story can be traced even further back, to World War II when it was applied to the Office of Price Administration. In recent years the story has detached itself from any specific agency and become an indictment of big government in general.

Mr. Hall has conducted a 26-year crusade against the cabbage lie. It began when he was public affairs director of OPS, trying to cope with the bad publicity. In 1954 he wrote an article about it in *The Reporter*. In 1965 he wrote a lengthy study of the phenomenon for the *Journal of Personality and Social Psychology*. Over the years various publications have exposed the hoax, including the *New York Times*, which unwittingly repeated it last week. But the cabbage myth never has lost its grip on the imaginations of the American business community. The number of words allegedly in the Declaration of Independence has varied from as low as 300, in the 1951 *New England Homestead* story, to a reported high of 3000, in *NAM Reports* last May. There have been smaller variations in the count of the Gettysburg Address. But the number of words in the cabbage regulations is always precisely the same: 26,911.

But it isn't true. Free enterprise survives in the cabbage industry. Meanwhile the oil industry wants to get rid of the regulations it doesn't like and to keep the ones it does, an understandable sentiment and one we'd like to see expressed a little more forthrightly in Pipeline Pete's column and in all the other thousands of words Mobil Oil Corporation—self-appointed industry spokesfirm—puts out in its ads.

White House Watch

Mondale At Work

One of the meetings with department heads and White House assistants at which President Carter put together his national energy policy began at 3:30 and ended at 7 p.m. At around 6 o'clock, when people were getting fagged and bored, Vice President Walter F. (Fritz) Mondale announced that he had something else to do and was leaving. He stood, leaned across the table and whispered to the President, and walked casually out of the Cabinet Room. A mid-level assistant who wouldn't have dreamed of leaving before the President closed the meeting cited the incident later as evidence of the extraordinary relationship that has developed between the President and his Vice President. A senior assistant who also witnessed the departure said it wasn't all that remarkable; he or anyone else at his level who had a compelling engagement would have felt free to go. But he agreed after reflection that the episode was a sign of this Vice President's confidence and assurance in a role that has humiliated and saddened many of his predecessors.

As a reporter who derided President-elect Carter's claims that his Vice President was going to be his "chief staff person" and to have serious and substantial responsibilities, I acknowledge that the Mondale vice presidency so far has worked in ways that I didn't believe it could and that, so far as I know, no previous vice presidency ever has. White House evidence and staff testimony to that effect are convincing. The sole caveat offered here is that the same evidence and testimony establish that the Carter-Mondale relationship depends totally upon the President. Behind that ivory glow of his, Jimmy Carter is said by a good many people who know him well to be harsher, more demanding, less patient with people who work with and for him than he tries and is made to appear to be. Vice President Mondale makes a point in interviews of saying with pride that he may spend as much as four or five hours a day with the President, alone and in groups,

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and that he has a standing invitation to barge in whenever he pleases upon the President's meetings and conferences in the Oval Office. He also has said, and others verify, that he and the President like and trust each other and enjoy each other's company and that this affinity is the basis of their official and working relationship. Granting all that, human nature and the long history of dissonance between Presidents and Vice Presidents suggest that there could come an end or at least a limit to President Carter's welcome and enjoyment of Vice President Mondale's counsel and company.

Inquiries during the preparation of this report indicate that the Vice President is acutely aware of the possibility. He misses no opportunity to minimize his role, whenever doing anything else would suggest that he is trying to preempt the President's role and authority. His simultaneous eagerness and endeavor to maximize his own role and the extent of the responsibilities delegated to him by the President entail some contradictions, but they are minor. The subject of the remainder of this account is how the Carter-Mondale relationship was defined and its results in terms of the services rendered by the Vice President.

According to Mondale, the basis of the relationship was laid when he visited Plains for the personal scrutiny that he and other aspirants for the vice presidential nomination underwent before the 1976 Democratic convention. He says he told Carter that he'd be interested in the job only if it was to be a substantive job with solid and serious responsibilities. Carter is said to have told Mondale that he wouldn't want a Vice President who didn't require that assurance. After he and Carter were nominated in New York, Mondale talked at length with Nelson Rockefeller, President Ford's frustrated Vice President, and with Mondale's Minnesota patron, Senator Hubert Humphrey, about the humiliations that he endured when he was Lyndon Johnson's Vice President. Still according to Mondale, Rockefeller and Humphrey did not as I'd understood tell him that no vice presidency could work as he and Carter were saying they intended this one to work. But they were skeptical. They told Mondale that the essential requirement was that he be assured of being in "the flow of information" to the President and that he know all that the President knew, so that he could aid and support the President with advice that could come only from complete knowledge of the President's problems and of what others were telling the President. Rockefeller told him in bitter detail of how a hostile presidential staff could frustrate and isolate a Vice President. Humphrey urged him to insist upon a specific, continuing area of responsibility—such as for federal relationships with state and local governments and officials. Members of Humphrey's staff advised him to avoid that kind of assignment as if it were the plague: Humphrey, they said, had been driven frantic by the resultant demands upon his time and energies. It happens that Mondale's press secretary is Al Eisele, a Minnesota journalist who in *Almost to the Presidency*, a well written and widely unread book about the careers and disappointments of Humphrey and Eugene McCarthy, recounted Humphrey's tribulations as Vice President in scarifying detail. So Mondale was well instructed in the hazards of the office before he took his oath on January 20.

Mondale thought over all that he'd learned about recent and past vice presidencies and set down his conclusions in a memo to Carter in December. It amounted to a description of the job as he wanted it to be. Its primary thrust was that his greatest usefulness to his President would be as an adviser on broad policy and strategy, domestic and political and foreign. He hoped to be left free to study, think, rove from area to area and problem to problem, without narrow assignments that would deprive him of the time and energy to qualify himself to be the overall adviser he wanted to be. He had concluded that past vice presidents got themselves into trouble by seeking or accepting either of two sorts of assignments: to major problems and situations that brought them into conflict with the executive departments, or to petty tasks that they took on so that they'd appear to be busy. Carter is said to have responded that this conception of what his vice president should and shouldn't be exactly fitted his own ideas and that Mondale's way was the way it was going to be.

So far, it's largely turned out to be Mondale's way. He has prudently minimized and in some instances concealed the nature and extent of his assignments while, as previously noted, making the most of them when he could without endangering his rapport with the President. This has been particularly true of his assignments and work in connection with foreign policy and national intelligence problems.

Twice a week on the recent average, the President's appointments list has shown meetings in the Oval Office with Mondale, CIA director Stansfield Turner, and Zbigniew Brzezinski, the adviser for national security affairs. The purpose of these meetings is to review and direct, largely under Mondale's supervision, a continuing study of the entire national intelligence system that the President announced some weeks ago without reference to the Vice President. Mondale has also been asked to conduct, and up to this writing has conducted in secrecy with the help of NSC, State and Defense department staffs, a wide-ranging review of half a dozen foreign policy positions inherited from past administrations. On the trip to western Europe that he made the week after the inauguration, he performed specific tasks that he deliberately understated or didn't mention at all during and after the journey. He asked and persuaded the heads of government whom he visited to withhold declarations of either joint or individual policies toward the Middle East until the

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Carter administration had time to define its policy toward Israel and the Arab states. He similarly asked and persuaded them to avoid any new declarations of economic policy involving trade and other relationships with the US until the new administration had its ducks in a row. With notably less success, he asked the West German and other governments to forego any further exports of nuclear industrial technology until the Carter administration had worked out its nuclear export policy (which turned out to be a generally unpopular effort to prevent the spread of the capacity to produce weapons-capable plutonium). Finally, and this was publicized at the time, he worked hard to prepare the way for the President's trip to London in May for an economic summit conference at which Mr. Carter intends, as Mondale forewarned his hosts, to introduce a broad range of subjects.

Mondale's contribution to the preparation of the Carter position on strategic arms limitation presented in Moscow and rejected by the Russians in late March was more substantial than he cares to acknowledge or certainly to emphasize. A White House assistant who should know what he was talking about said that Mondale urged the President to make his elaborate, drastic and revolutionary "comprehensive proposal" for reductions in previously agreed nuclear armament levels—the proposal that the Soviets abruptly rejected—first in priority among the two alternative proposals submitted to the Russians before the Vice President knew how Mr. Carter stood on the matter. When this report was mentioned to Mondale, he said with discernible disturbance and alarm, "There is absolutely no truth to that. The comprehensive proposal was HIS," emphatically meaning Jimmy Carter's and nobody else's. He said that President-elect Carter made it clear in November that he intended to find out with his first and principal SALT proposal whether the Russians are interested in reducing rather than merely containing the present levels of nuclear arms. The Vice President readily confirmed, however, that he urged the President before the Moscow talks opened to stick with his proposals for substantial reductions in the levels agreed upon by Gerald Ford and Henry Kissinger at Vladivostok in 1974, in the event that the Russians initially rejected the proposals as of course they did. If my information to the effect that Ambassador Anatoli Dobrynin has been saying in Washington that his government absolutely will not discuss or negotiate any agreement on the basis of the Carter comprehensive proposal is correct, Mondale's advice could be among the worst advice the President has received on any subject. But Mondale is proud of offering it and at this writing expects the President to heed it, come hell or a renewed nuclear arms race.

Vice Presidents are by law members of the National Security Council, so there is nothing unusual in Mondale attending NSC meetings when he is in Washington. What is unprecedented is that he attends most of the meetings of the working NSC committees that review general policy matters and that authorize and oversee, among other things, covert intelligence operations. As the second-ranking Democrat on the Senate select committee (the Church committee) that investigated CIA and other intelligence abuses, Mondale got a look at what one of his assistants calls "the underside of foreign affairs." When Senator Church was campaigning for the Democratic presidential nomination and Senator Philip Hart of Michigan was dying of cancer, Mondale ran the investigating committee and so qualified himself for the intelligence operations study he is supervising for the President. This assignment and his review of major foreign policy positions might be supposed to bring him into conflict with Brzezinski. The sight of the Vice President and Brzezinski wandering easily between and into each other's adjoining offices and chatting chummily in the corridors of the White House West Wing supports the story that they work together in harmony.

In the person of present and former assistants and because of their present assignments, Mondale is all over the Carter scene. Brzezinski's deputy is David Aaron, a former NSC assistant to Henry Kissinger and for a while Mondale's foreign affairs specialist on his Senate staff. Richard Moe, Mondale's chief of staff—interestingly enough, a term that Mondale uses and President Carter refuses to use—attends the daily meetings of the President's senior staff, the "political staff" meetings that follow each morning, and a weekly staff meeting at which the Carter and Mondale schedules are reviewed and coordinated. A Mondale assistant, Gail Harrison, works with the Domestic Council staff headed by Stuart Eizenstat. Mondale's executive assistant, Jim Johnson, works with Tim Kraft, the President's chief scheduler. Mike Berman, for years administrative assistant to Senator Mondale and now a senior assistant to Vice President Mondale, is the contact man with Robert Lipshutz, the President's chief counsel and a White House figure with ever-increasing influence and responsibilities. One of the few continuing, more or less permanent responsibilities that Mondale has taken on is to block out preliminary, tentative priorities and agenda for the President in three and six-month segments. Press Secretary Jody Powell and his deputy, Rex Granum, recently irritated Mondale by conveying the impression that he in effect is the President's chief scheduler. That he is not.

"So far, I think it's working pretty well," Mondale said with great contentment the other day. He was sitting in his West Wing office, a few seconds' walk from the President's office and across West Executive Avenue from his alternative downtown office in the Old Executive Office Building. "I think it's working well," Mondale continued, "particularly because I'm over here. If you're over there"—pointing disdainfully

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to the other office, which can be seen from his West Wing window—"you might as well be in Baltimore." He ain't in Baltimore, that's for sure. Or in Minneapolis, for that matter.

John Osborne

On the CIA, Robert Vesco, human rights and corruption.

Don Pepe

The following paragraphs are distilled from tapes and notes from several hours of conversation between José Figueres, former president of Costa Rica, and TNR *politics editor Ken Bode. The meetings took place in the week following the recent primary elections, first at Figueres's San José office and later at his ranch, La Lucha, 50 kilometers outside the capital.*

For a time during the 1940s, "Pepe" Figueres was Costa Rica's only political exile. He led the 1948 uprising prompted by the failure of the legislative assembly to honor the results of that year's presidential election, then headed the revolutionary junta that governed Costa Rica for the next 18 months. He is a founder of Liberación Nacional, the nation's largest political party. He was twice the party's nominee for president (1952 and 1970) and was elected both times. Figueres has left his mark on his country's constitution, on its economic system and on party and electoral procedures. At 70, he is probably the most colorful political figure in Costa Rica and one of the most widely respected social democrats in the hemisphere.

Last year, a group of Figueres's followers in the National Assembly attempted to change the presidential succession law to clear the way for "Don Pepe" to run for president once more in 1978. No one doubts that were he eligibile to run again, he would have won the Liberación primary this year. But the effort was rebuffed when opposition factions were joined by younger Liberación deputies who thought it time for a generational change in the party's leadership. Luis Alberto Monge, the party's current presidential nominee, joined in the rebuff, prompting speculation that Figueres and his supporters might split with Liberación in next year's election. Instead, Figueres accepted the party's chairmanship during the primary period and subsequently has announced his intention to back Monge.

Here is some of what Figueres had to say:

On Figueres's personal relationships with the CIA: Now that the CIA is under fire, it would be cowardice on my part to join the chorus of criticism, when I know they have done many more good things than things I don't approve of.

The CIA in my opinion is simply a part of the defense forces of the United States. I reject the idea that they have had an independent foreign policy of their own—except of course in questions of detail.

I tried my best to get the United States and the CIA involved in the politics of Central America at a time when social democrats in the region were threatened by Communists on one side and the military on the other. The Soviet Union was involved in cultural and educational and political programs, but the leader of the free world was not. I was closer to the CIA than most, I suppose, and with their help, we financed a labor center in Costa Rica, a center for democratic leadership training and a social democratic magazine, which was edited by Luis Alberto Monge [the presidential nominee of the Liberación party for 1978].

During my first presidency [1953-1957] the top representative of the CIA in Costa Rica enjoyed all the confidence of my government—so much so that sometimes he was even present at cabinet meetings. Well, not actually present, of course, but, you know, he was always in the corridor and we would invite him to come in and join us for a cup of coffee. I trusted the CIA more than the ambassadors sent to me by the State Department. The CIA was aware of any conspiracies, any negotiations, but not the ambassadors. At the same time of course, the CIA man was reporting all of our activities to Anastasio Somoza [longtime dictator of neighboring Nicaragua and a lifelong enemy of Figueres]. They tapped the bedroom telephone of Juan Bosch when he was president in the Dominican Republic and they tapped my telephone! It's a paradoxical thing. I had very good relations with their cultural people, while other sections of the agency were fulfilling a promise to Somoza to help overthrow my government in 1955. It was a commitment made to Somoza as his price for aiding in the CIA's overthrow of Arbenz in Guatemala in 1953.

Somoza was a West Point man, very well thought of by all branches of the American government, not only the CIA. An American President once said of Somoza, "He's a bastard, but he's our bastard."

On the Bay of Pigs: I learned of the Bay of Pigs while I was preparing for an invasion of the Dominican Republic to overthrow the Trujillo dictatorship. Suddenly my pilots and radio operators began to disappear, and by talking with their families in Miami, we learned they had gone to Guatemala to organize an invasion of Cuba. I practically moved to Washington to convince them they were going about things backward. I met with several people at the CIA and with Vice President Nixon.

Shortly after Fidel took Havana, he went to the United States. He made a fool of himself at Harvard—because they asked him embarassing questions—and from there he flew to Washington. In Washington, Vice President Nixon interviewed him in his office in the Senate. Nixon told me of the terrible impression Fidel made on him. He characterized Fidel as a lunatic. He [Nixon] was scared as hell; I could see it in his eyes. He told me, he claimed, that he had told the CIA to begin

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to prepare for an invasion of Cuba. He called Allen Dulles and said, "Castro has to be overthrown. You try the best you can." CIA started to act immediately. I came to believe that Eisenhower actually did not know about Nixon ordering preparations for the Bay of Pigs.

The CIA expected John Kennedy to lose the election of 1960. When, to their surprise, he won, Allen Dulles flew to Miami with him to brief the President-elect on the Bay of Pigs preparations. Momentarily Dulles had him convinced.

I was convinced that Castro should be overthrown, but we disagreed on methods. Instead of establishing a social democratic government, as he had promised, he sold out to the Communists.

On the overthrow and assassination of Chilean President Salvador Allende with alleged CIA complicity. I was a personal friend of Salvador Allende. To the end we maintained a personal correspondence. When I heard of his overthrow, I sent a cable inviting him to come to Costa Rica. They told me he had flown to Buenos Aires, so I cabled our embassy there and told them to look him up and invite him to come here. He was dead already, of course, but I didn't know that.

At the moment that Allende was overthrown, I believed it was a necessity for Chile. I knew him very well, and he had a good heart and a sympathy for the underdog. But he knew nothing at all about economics. Chile was being run by dogmatists, wholly incapable of running a country. The situation his friends had created was absolutely untenable, incredibly stupid and naive.

Also, American companies like ITT are responsible to their stockholders. They must do whatever they can to prevent expropriation and protect the legitimate interests of their shareholders. Look, if I were the President of ITT in a country that considers private enterprise to be holy and I saw expropriation coming, I would try to overthrow the government too!

On Jimmy Carter's human rights policy: I admire President Carter's stand for human rights. It could be a great thing for the hemisphere, with a very large *if*—*if* he can weather the consequences. You are already seeing the propaganda machinery of the Latin American governments where the military has the upper hand wailing about intervention. Listen to the Brazilians yelling when the nation that is supposed to be the leader of the democratic world begins to speak in favor of human rights. What the hell!

If the policy is actually implemented, it could be tremendously important. They say they will not sell arms to governments who do not respect human rights, for example. There will be plenty of opposition to that from arms manufacturers in the United States and from the military in Latin America and around the world who are getting economic commissions on the importation of arms. And they have powerful connections, even in the United States Congress.

Sometimes it seems to me a quixotic attitude on the part of Jimmy Carter. He is either naive or a genius, but I wish him success. I confess that I love people who take such stands, even if they turn out to be impractical.

On Robert Vesco: I brought Vesco here at a time when I was attempting to attract American capital, and partly because there were some elements of persecution surrounding Republican party affairs of those days. At that time, I accepted a small investment from him in firms of which I was a part; two million dollars of a total capital investment of $15 million. We are repaying him his investment. I told him, "I want you out, not for my protection, but for yours. You have inherited the malice and the cowardice of my friends and my enemies alike."

Vesco does not live up to his reputation. He does not have the mental capacity to be unique among crooks. Robert Vesco is absolutely not an intellectual; I know little of economics, but he knows nothing! He is nothing more than a high-powered businessman who understands high finance very well. Vesco was turned into a monster by the American press and by American businessmen who were outwitted by him. I know this well: American businessmen will cut their mother's throat for a column on a balance sheet at the end of the year.

My association with Vesco has damaged me in the public eye in Costa Rica and the world. Costa Rica is a country of cowards. Many members of the congress in this country as well as the current president were elected with Vesco's money. [President Daniel] Oduber had a large part of his campaign paid for by Vesco. All of them have let me carry the burden. Cowardice is a prevalent thing in mankind. Time will put things into perspective. I have always admired Socrates who refused to defend himself and was content to trust his judgment to time.

On corruption in Costa Rican government: The charges of graft and corruption are not merely campaign rhetoric. They are justified. For 12 or 15 years after the war of 1948, we had no corruption, not on our side nor in the opposition—but now the channels have been reestablished. It is like clearing a little space in the forest. Unless you are vigilant, the vines will come right back in again. Now there is a great deal of corruption. For one thing, government contracts require the payment of a commission. It is expected. But the main damage from that is neither economic nor moral. The main problem is that there is no longer any way for the average citizen to accurately judge whether a government program is really undertaken for the good of the country or for some other reason. That is the larger damage, not merely that a commission is paid to get a contract.

On Costa Rica's new system of presidential primaries: I'm not at

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all certain the primaries are a good change. They have already had a terrible tendency to split the parties; many things that the candidates said about one another during the campaign will be very damaging. We have never had an ideological split as wide as we appear to have now. What happened last year in the United States has now happened here, only here it is worse. The man who defeated Gerald Ford was not Jimmy Carter, but Ronald Reagan.

On the prospects that the party he founded, Liberación Nacional, will lose the 1978 presidential election: I could not say right now that it would be better for the country—or even for Liberación—if we were to win next year. The danger always exists of a lack of accountability in government when there is no turnover. Besides, Liberación has always renewed itself and grown stronger when it was out of power. Our people are more competent when we return to government by virtue of the experience they gain in the private sector.

Ken Bode

Even among the national security relics, Robert Bowie is a vintage antique.

Deputies are Forever

by Roger Morris

Even among the cold war and Vietnam relics who adorn the national security officialdom of the new administration, he is clearly the vintage antique. In his well preserved record hover ghosts we have forgotten without even trying. Not Dean Rusk or Walt Rostow, but even more venerable spirits of empire: John Foster Dulles and John J. McCloy and the phantom MLF flotilla with its multinational NATO crew and a nuclear warhead for every member nation.

Across nearly 30 years in the pattern of a classic in-and-outer of the foreign policy establishment, Robert Bowie is in Washington again. This time he will be CIA Deputy Director for National Intelligence, principally in charge of the "national intelligence estimate," a bureaucratic weapon that can be used so effectively against makers of policy on subjects as various as arms control, defense budgets and covert intervention. Once more, by clubby connection, perhaps in part by default, in any case by a stunning lack of originality and insight, the Carter regime has chosen what the *Washington Post*'s William Greider has aptly called "the painful past."

His countenance has changed remarkably little through the lengthening files of official photographs. The shock of wavy hair has gone a distinguished white but it is still atop the same doughy, slightly florid face. In 1968, when Bowie was counselor of the State Department, an admiring reporter described him in his seventh floor Foggy Bottom office as "gazing on the world out of wise pixie eyes." And his world at least has usually been congenial and uncomplicated, though seldom a matter of pixies or wisdom.

Carrying a patrician Maryland name, he went through Princeton while the rest of the country was in the depths of the Depression, and graduated from Harvard Law in 1934. There followed eight years in his own Baltimore law firm, brief tenure as an Assistant Attorney General of Maryland, and then wartime service in the Army, including staff work with the occupation government in Germany. When Bowie left the Army in 1946, he was a lieutenant colonel with a legion of merit and, more important, profitable contacts among the establishment civilians and gentlemen officers who would graduate from the occupation to inherit most of America's postwar foreign policy.

He began teaching at Harvard Law School in 1946, and in 1950 was back in Germany as general counsel to the US High Commissioner in Bonn. Three years later he was appointed by John Foster Dulles as the State Department's director of policy planning in the first Eisenhower administration. Then 44, Bowie suffered from foreign policy credentials that were scanty at best, but enjoyed patronage of senior figures like McCloy and others that was impeccable. So from 1953 to 1957, by several accounts, he became one of Dulles's closest and most trusted aides. He is credited by some with earnest efforts to educate the "old man" on strategic policy. This education proceeded at an unavoidably

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glacial pace but ultimately resulted in the State Department's first lurching efforts toward the coherent arms control position it took at the London disarmament conference of 1957. For the most part, however, Bowie presided over drift and sterility, and indulged the parochial zealotry and impulsiveness of Dulles, just like the rest of Dulles's senior assistants.

The CIA handout announcing Bowie's appointment as deputy last month described him as an "eminent scholar." It was not a choice of words that will redeem the agency's soiled credibility. When Bowie returned from Washington to Harvard in 1957, and was promptly chosen over an ambitious young professor named Henry Kissinger as director of the new Center for International Affairs, he entered on an academic career as unremarkable as it was prestigious. His bibliography, fat only at first glance, reduces to a bland collection of articles and the obligatory editors' forwards. His teaching, according to former students and faculty peers, was seldom more impressive. He continued at Harvard, coming to occupy an endowed chair, by the familiar academic alchemy of "administration." Which is to say, he accepted the modest housekeeping chores at the Center—and the invisible lower-caste badge that went with them—while his mostly more gifted colleagues taught and wrote. Ironically, the directorship that lodged him at Harvard was also his undoing in the next opportunity for official power and position. On quiet Divinity Avenue in Cambridge in the late 1950s, Bowie joined a bitter and lasting feud with Kissinger, his deputy director at the Center and an unforgiving opponent of Bowie's periodic and nebulous schemes for European sharing of the nuclear deterrent. Sparked by the policy disagreement, inflamed by personal animus and the inevitable bureaucratic rivalry both at Harvard and in the wider establishment arena beyond, the schism was one of those unseen family hatreds in the elite that can have historic effect on the men and politics of foreign policy in Washington.

Bowie seemed for a time to emerge unscathed. In the early 1960s he was the chief outside adviser to George Ball and others in the Kennedy administration urging the adoption of the Multi-lateral Nuclear Force (MLF). The episode gave him lofty entree in Washington after his antagonist Kissinger had left the National Security Council staff under a cloud, having tried heavy-handedly to sink both McGeorge Bundy and the MLF (in the process learning some harsh lessons of power for later application). Even after Lyndon Johnson killed the MLF proposal for good in 1966, Bowie was appointed Counselor at State, where he served duly and dully under Rusk for the last two years of the LBJ regime. Again, it was hardly a notable success, and not as high a post as he might have expected after his Dulles position on the ladder. But by club standards Bowie was doing better than Kissinger, who was then skidding through abortive private efforts at some Vietnam mediation and anguishing over revelations of CIA-front financing of his Harvard International Seminar, a project Kissinger had nurtured in the first place in order to be independent of Bowie's Center.

When the Republicans returned to power with Richard Nixon in 1968, a man of Bowie's Eisenhower-Dulles cachet and apparent academic glitter might have expected a cabinet or at least subcabinet appointment. Indeed men at his level in other provinces of government in the 1950s, like William Rogers and Elliot Richardson, got those coveted jobs. Bowie was not called, chiefly because Kissinger was called first. Bowie thus spent eight trying years in a political wilderness—deflected from the natural cycle of succession—while his old foe became the most powerful and celebrated Secretary of State in history. It was from that bitter sentence of banishment that the Carter CIA appointment has now reprieved him in some measure, at the age of 67.

Unfortunately, there is nothing quite so poignant about Bowie's intellectual history. Despite a conventional establishment caution in coming out clearly with what he thinks and knows, Bowie has certainly been around long enough to plant some intellectual footprints. The trail often leads through jungles of insensitivity to events and diffidence toward folly, characteristics that will hardly bolster him as a guardian against similar institutional feelings at the CIA.

Under Dulles he displayed little sense of the gathering importance of the third world, and no visible readiness to expose or correct the regime's abysmal myopia on that subject with whatever vision he did possess. The MLF scheme was (as Kissinger rightly saw, perhaps for the wrong reasons) willful obliviousness to the historic presence of Charles de Gaulle and the political gravity of European nationalism. It was also a quaint misapprehension of the nuclear proliferation problem, and of American domestic politics on the subject. As one observer put it aptly at the time, Bowie and his disciples had decided to share the US bomb with Europe and convinced everybody but the White House and the Europeans.

Bowie was an early advocate of arms control in the 1950s, but the distinction was relative to primitive times and peers. Out of office, Bowie was just one more participant at the numberless genteel establishment "seminars" on disarmament, the meetings that droned on while the Joint Chiefs ran policy—ran it, that is, until Kissinger wrenched authority from them after 1969 and finally extracted our lone SALT agreement, however limited or flawed. Especially during his two-year tenure under Rusk, Bowie demonstrated an ample capacity to tolerate what he saw around him, to gaze bemusedly out the window, as a reporter saw him in 1968, with no trace of being repelled or even disturbed by the incompetence and deception of it all. The style, of

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course, is not Bowie's alone. It belongs to the larger postwar fecklessness of the boys at the council and the club—a mentality, Jimmy Carter promised us, our government would outgrow.

As the CIA deputy in charge of the national intelligence estimates, Bowie will be in the thick of the SALT policy fight inside the administration. There is nothing in his background to reassure us that he will fight for long against the loaded Pentagon intelligence and doomsday appraisals of Soviet strength that are the dominant sources of information for those making arms control strategy. Official sources say that a disputed NIE is responsible for much of the administration's disarray before the recent abortive Vance mission to Moscow. Eight years ago, the crucial intelligence lever on arms control was the first weapon Henry Kissinger seized. His successors, judging by the Vance failure and now Bowie's appointment, seem jauntily unaware that strategic sanity begins at home, that Washington's most dangerous adversary in the arms race is itself.

SALT is only the beginning of Bowie's new responsibilities. There is the future of the Middle East, the prospects for war in South Africa, the intentions of the OPEC cartel, the prognosis for West European communism, the internal unrest in Latin America and a dozen other important issues on which he will be expected to supply the decision makers a fresh, honest, perceptive analysis stripped of the usual bureaucratic distortion and enriched by the best, newest thinking in government. The administration has placed all this in the hands of a man whose career has been molded by the opposite impulses. The "new" CIA will thus be run by a novice admiral, Stansfield Turner; by Bowie in his post-Kissinger revival; and below by the usual handful of career bureaucrats and company men. The press barely drew a breath with Bowie's appointment. If they carried it at all, most papers did like the *Washington Post* and buried the boilerplate CIA announcement on an inside page. Apparently, there is a willing forgetfulness about how much CIA deputies can matter. The history includes Richard Bissell and the Bay of Pigs, William Colby and Vietnam "pacification," and of course Richard Helms, who needs no further introduction. In Bowie the administration will claim to have chosen silver-haired experience and tradition. But they have only made it likely that the CIA will continue, the worst of its experiences and traditions. It is another cause for disappointment in a leadership that pretended, and was elected, to do better.

At first he chose mind over matter, but then he wanted both.

The Lunatic's Tale

by Woody Allen

Madness is a relative state. Who can say which of us is truly insane? And while I roam through Central Park wearing moth-eaten clothes and a surgical mask, screaming revolutionary slogans and laughing hysterically, I wonder even now if what I did was really so irrational. For, dear reader, I was not always what is popularly referred to as "a New York street crazy," pausing at trash cans to fill my shopping bags with bits of string and bottle caps. No, I was once a highly successful doctor living on the upper East Side, gadding about town in a brown Mercedes, and bedecked dashingly in a varied array of Ralph Lauren tweeds. Hard to believe that I, Dr. Ossip Farkis, once a familiar face at theatre openings, Sardi's, Lincoln Center, and the Hamptons, where I boasted great wit and a formidable backhand, am now sometimes seen roller skating unshaven down Broadway wearing a knapsack and a pinwheel hat.

The dilemma that precipitated this catastrophic fall from grace was simply this. I was living with a woman whom I cared for very deeply and who had a winning and delighful personality and mind; rich in culture and humor and a joy to spend time with. But (and I curse Fate for this) she did not turn me on sexually. Concurrently, I was sneaking crosstown nightly to rendezvous with a photographer's model called Tiffany

Woody Allen's latest movie is *Annie Hall*.

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Schmeederer, whose blood-curdling mentality was in direct inverse proportion to the erotic radiation that oozed from her every pore. Undoubtedly, dear reader, you have heard the expression, "a body that wouldn't quit." Well Tiffany's body would not only not quit, it wouldn't take five minutes off for a coffee break. Skin like satin, or should I say like the finest of Zabar's novy, a leonine mane of chestnut hair, long willowy legs and a shape so curvacious that to run one's hands over any portion of it was like a ride on the Cyclone. This not to say the one I roomed with, the scintillating and even profound Olive Chomsky was a slouch physiognomywise. Not at all. In fact she was a handsome woman with all the attendant perquisites of a charming and witty culture vulture and, crudely put, a mechanic in the sack. Perhaps it was the fact that when the light hit Olive at a certain angle she inexplicably resembled my Aunt Rifka. Not that Olive actually *looked* like my mother's sister. (Rifka had the appearance of a character in Yiddish folklore called the Golem.) It was just that some vague similarity existed around the eyes, and then only if the shadows fell properly. Perhaps it was this incest taboo or perhaps it was just that a face and body like Tiffany Schmeederer's comes along every few million years and usually heralds an ice age or the destruction of the world by fire. The point is, my needs required the best of two women.

It was Olive I met first. And this after an endless string of relationships wherein my partner invariably left something to be desired. My first wife was brilliant, but had no sense of humor. Of the Marx Brothers, she was convinced the amusing one was Zeppo. My second wife was beautiful, but lacked real passion. I recall once, while we were making love, a curious optical illusion occurred and for a split second it almost looked as though she was moving. Sharon Pflug, whom I lived with for three months, was too hostile. Whitney Weisglass was too accommodating. Pippa Mondale, a cheerful divorcee, made the fatal mistake of defending candles shaped like Laurel and Hardy.

Well-meaning friends fixed me up with a relentless spate of blind dates, all unerringly from the pages of H. P. Lovecraft. Ads, answered out of desperation, in the *New York Review of Books*, proved equally futile as the "thirtyish poetess" was sixtyish, the "coed who enjoys Bach and Beowulf" looked like Grendel, and the "Bay Area bisexual" told me I didn't quite coincide with either of her desires. This is not to imply that now and again an apparent plum would not somehow emerge: a beautiful woman, sensual and wise with impressive credentials and winning ways. But, obeying some age-old law, perhaps from the Old Testament or Egyptian *Book of the Dead, she* would reject *me*. And so it was that I was the most miserable of men. On the surface, apparently blessed with all the necessities for the good life. Underneath, desperately in search of a fulfilling love.

Nights of loneliness led me to ponder the esthetics of perfection. Is anything in nature actually "perfect" with the exception of my Uncle Hyman's stupidity? Who am I to demand perfection? I, with my myriad faults. I made a list of my faults, but could not get past: 1) Sometimes forgets his hat.

Did anyone I know have a "meaningful relationship"? My parents stayed together 40 years, but that was out of spite. Greenglass, another doctor at the hospital, married a woman who looked like a Feta cheese "because she's kind." Iris Merman cheated with any man who was registered to vote in the tri-state area. Nobody's relationship could actually be called happy. Soon I began to have nightmares.

I dreamed I visited a singles bar where I was attacked by a gang of roving secretaries. They brandished knives and forced me to say favorable things about the borough of Queens. My analyst counseled compromise. My rabbi said, "Settle, settle. What about a woman like Mrs. Blitzstein? She may not be a great beauty, but nobody is better at smuggling food and light firearms in and out of a ghetto." An actress I met, who assured me her real ambition was to be a waitress at a coffee house, seemed promising, but during one brief dinner her single response to everything I said was, "Oh, wow." Then one evening, in an effort to unwind after a particularly trying day at the hospital, I attended a Stravinsky concert alone. During intermission I met Olive Chomsky and my life changed.

Olive Chomsky, literate and wry, who quoted Eliot and played tennis and also Bach's "Two Part Inventions" on the piano. And who never said, "Oh, wow," or wore anything marked Pucci or Gucci or listened to country and western music or dialogue radio. And incidentally, who was always willing at the drop of a hat to do the unspeakable and even initiate it. What joyful months spent with her till my sex drive (listed, I believe, in the *Guinness Book of World Records)* waned. Concerts, movies, dinners, weekends, endless wonderful discussions of everything from Pogo to Rig-Vheda. And never a gaffe from her lips. Insights only. Wit too! And of course the appropriate hostility toward all deserving targets: politicians, television, facelifts, the architecture of housing projects, men in leisure suits, film courses, and people who begin sentences with "basically."

Coming:
Archie Cox,
Edward Bennett Williams
and the Indians.

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Oh, curse the day that a wanton ray of light coaxed forth those ineffable facial lines bringing to mind Aunt Rifka's stolid visage. And curse the day also that at a loft party in Soho, an erotic archetype with the unlikely name of Tiffany Schmeederer adjusted the top of her plaid wool kneesock and said to me with a voice resembling that of a mouse in the animated cartoons, "What sign are you?" Hair and fangs audibly rising on my face in the manner of the classic lycanthropic, I felt compelled to oblige her with a brief discussion of astrology, a subject rivaling my intellectual interest with such heavy issues as est, alpha waves, and the ability of leprechauns to locate gold.

Hours later I found myself in a state of waxy flexibility as the last piece of bikini underpants slid noiselessly to the floor around her ankles while I lapsed inexplicably into the Dutch National Anthem. We proceeded to make love in the manner of The Flying Wallendas. And so it began.

Alibis to Olive. Furtive meetings with Tiffany. Excuses for the woman I loved while my lust was spent elsewhere. Spent, in fact, on an empty little yo-yo whose touch and wiggle caused the top of my head to dislodge like a frisbee and hover in space like a flying saucer. I was forsaking my responsibility to the woman of my dreams for a physical obsession not unlike the one Emil Jannings experienced in *The Blue Angel*. Once I feigned illness, asking Olive to attend a Brahms Symphony with her mother so that I could satisfy the moronic whims of my sensual goddess who insisted I drop over to watch "This Is Your Life" on television, "because they're doing Johnny Cash!" Yet, after I paid my dues by sitting through the show, she rewarded me by dimming the rheostats and transporting my libido to the planet Neptune. Another time I casually told Olive I was going out to buy the papers. Then I raced seven blocks to Tiffany's, took the elevator up to her floor, but, as luck would have it, the infernal lift stuck. I paced like a caged cougar between floors, unable to satisfy my flaming desires and also unable to return home by a credible time. Released at last by some firemen, I hysterically concocted a tale for Olive featuring myself, two muggers and the Loch Ness monster.

Fortunately, luck was on my side and she was sleeping when I returned home. Olive's own innate decency made it unthinkable to her that I would deceive her with another woman, and while the frequency of our physical relations had fallen off, I husbanded my stamina in such a manner as to at least partially satisfy her. Constantly ridden with guilt, I offered flimsy alibis about fatigue from overwork, which she bought with the guilessness of an angel. In truth, the whole ordeal was taking its toll on me as the months went by. I grew to look more and more like the figure in Edward Munch's "The Scream."

Pity my dilemma, dear reader! This maddening predicament that afflicts perhaps a good many of my contemporaries. Never to find all the requirements one needs in a single member of the opposite sex. On one hand, the yawning abyss of compromise. On the other, the enervating and reprehensible existence of the amorous cheat. Were the French right? Was the trick to have a wife and also a mistress, thereby delegating responsibility for varied needs between two parties? I knew that if I proposed this arrangement openly to Olive, understanding as she was, the chances were very good I would wind up impaled on her British umbrella. I grew weary and depressed and contemplated suicide. I held a pistol to my head, but at the last moment lost my nerve and fired in the air. The bullet passed through my ceiling, causing Mrs. Fitelson in the apartment overhead to leap straight upward on to her bookshelf and remain perched there throughout the high holidays.

Then one night it all cleared up. Suddenly, and with a clarity one usually associates with LSD, my course of action became apparent. I had taken Olive to see a revival of a Bela Lugosi film at the Elgin. In the crucial scene, Lugosi, a mad scientist, switches the brain of some unlucky victim with that of a gorilla, both being strapped to operating tables during an electrical storm. If such a thing could be devised by a screenwriter in the world of fiction, surely a surgeon of my ability could, in real life, accomplish the same thing.

Well, dear reader, I won't bore you with the details which are highly technical and not easily understood by the lay mentality. Suffice it to say that one dark and stormy night a shadowy figure might have been observed smuggling two drugged women (one with a shape that caused men to drive their cars up on the sidewalk) into an unused operating room at Flower Fifth Avenue. There, as bolts of lightning crackled jaggedly through the sky, he performed an operation done before only in the world of celluloid fantasy, and then by a Hungarian actor who would one day turn the hickey into an art form.

The result? Tiffany Schmeederer, her mind now existing in the less spectacular body of Olive Chomsky, found herself delightfully free from the curse of being a sex object. As Darwin taught us, she soon developed a keen intelligence, and while not perhaps the equal of Hannah Arendt's, it did permit her to recognize the follies of astrology and marry happily. Olive Chomsky, suddenly the possessor of a cosmic topography to go with her other superb gifts, became my wife as I became the envy of all around me.

The only hitch was that after several months of bliss with Olive that was the equal of anything in the *Arabian Nights*, I inexplicably grew dissatisfied with this dream woman and developed instead a crush on Billie Jean Zapruder, an airline stewardess whose boyish, flat figure and Alabama twang caused my heart to do flip-flops. It was at this point that I resigned my position at the hospital, donned my pinwheel hat and knapsack and began skating down Broadway.

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Stanley Kauffmann on theater

Waiting for Godot

(Brooklyn Academy of Music)

Twice in my life I've had the chance to see masterpieces of drama as directed by their authors and, by coincidence, both were in German. The first was *Mother Courage* done in London in 1956 by the Berliner Ensemble fresh from the hand of the lately deceased Bertolt Brecht. (Subsequently I've seen other Berliner-Ensemble Brecht but not so fresh from his hand.) Now I've seen *Waiting for Godot* played in German by the Schiller Theater of Berlin and directed by Samuel Beckett. Brecht was a professional director: in fact some of those who knew him say he was *primarily* a director who wrote things for himself to direct. What's lost sight of about Beckett, who is not a professional like Brecht, is that nonetheless he has done a very considerable amount of directing, of his own plays, since 1966: in theaters of France and Germany (his German is said to be flawless) and on television. And Alan Schneider, credited as director of Beckett's one screenplay *Film*, says generously that Beckett, who was present throughout the shooting in New York, was "its real director."

This is not only the best production of a Beckett play that I have seen, it is among the best productions of anything I have seen. Many authors cannot, or should not, direct their own plays just as many composers cannot conduct their own scores. But if the author *can* direct, then it's possible—not inevitable—that you will get the best imaginable production. I have admired some previous productions of Beckett plays (not of *Godot* particularly), but I've seen nothing quite like this. From the first moment I felt I was being made privy to confidences that had only been hinted at in prior productions, that a texture was being initiated surely and easily. From the first moment I knew I was being given a clear vision of the play, not so much of its center as of its whole.

One of the actors, Carl Raddatz, is familiar from films: he's the hawk-faced Pozzo, tyrannical in Act I yet haunted by a prediction of his fate in Act II. Horst Bollmann, the Estragon, is a fine example of that staple of German stage and screen, the short, *gemütlich*, wryly humorous comedian, like Max Adalbert and Heinz Rühmann. Stefan Wigger, the Vladimir, long and lean, is plainly an actor of the first rank, using here only a part of his vocal and physical range and finding range within that narrowed range. His walk, with thighs pressed together and feet flapping, his hands like those of a protesting scarecrow, do not fit the physical concept of Vladimir that I have had but, especially as harmonized with this Estragon, Wigger soon replaces my preconceptions. The Boy is Torsten Sense, who is more youth than boy. Klaus Herm, who reveals a sort of white fright-wig when he takes off his hat, is Lucky and does the great tirade in a manner unlike any I have heard. The very first Lucky, Jean Martin, in the production directed by Roger Blin, is reported to have played the speech with an extreme nervous tic. Alvin Epstein in New York exploded in an unforgettable frenzy. Herm does it in a relatively calm, carefully structured manner.

This speech of Lucky's was where Beckett began his rehearsals. There's an invaluable journal by Walter D. Asmus, Beckett's assistant in the rehearsal period from late December '74 to early March '75, that was published in *Theatre Quarterly* (London), Sep.-Nov. '75. (The production has been kept in the Schiller repertory, has played in various European cities, and now goes to Ireland and Israel.) Beckett opened by explaining the three-part structure of the monologue. I won't take space here to repeat divisions and comments, but future productions of *Godot* must at least agree to disagree with them.

The predominant quality of the whole performance is, again, one that I haven't seen and hadn't imagined: delicacy. Everything, including the buffoonery and physicality and grossness, seems to be touched lightly, sustained with light fingers. And it all seems to *flow*, like the best kind of a dream: movement flows into movement, speech into pause, pause into speech, movement into stasis and vice versa. The core of the staging procedure is rhythm: everything has been thought of in terms of tempo and fit. Everything has been measured, but, as in good dance and good singing, the rightness and preciseness of the measuring make the measuring disappear. The flow is seamless.

These tempos are not arbitrary, they grow out of the scene (as well as the scenes on either side of it), out of the moments within the scene. I won't attempt to describe (if I could remember) the color and pace and movement of each scene, I'll note only that the director's aim, through the delicacy and flow, was to keep it all a clown show, two tramps perambulating around a great invisible question mark. Once in a while Beckett underscored the clown-show idea by having them do something together, next to one another, like a chorus line—a move, a turn, a gesture. What a lovely rubric for a play about the fate of Western man.

Theatrically, *Godot* is deceptive. First, it deceives you into thinking that it's easy to perform; then it deceives you into thinking that (again: theatrically speaking) it's a bit tedious. The test of any production is the opening of Act II. The first act has taken us from near-stasis with the two tramps up through an arc that includes a long scene with two newcomers back to the two tramps alone in complete stasis. Then the next act begins in the same barren place (a few leaves added to the gaunt tree) with the same two tramps in the same mood. No matter how much we like the play, at that moment there's a slight apprehension—at the very least as to whether the actors have sufficient variety to keep us interested for another comparable act. Wigger and Bollmann, under Beckett's hand, seem consciously to face this initial obstacle; they work variations in color, beginning with

Films Worth Seeing

Aguirre, The Wrath of God. Werner Herzog's stunning (German) film of political madness among Spanish *conquistadores*, Peru 1560. Thematically heavy, cinematically superb.

Black Sunday. Palestinian guerrillas vs. Israeli agents in the US. Overlong but textured and often taut.

Cousin, Cousine. Fairy-tale sex posing as reality, but nicely French, so nice.

Network. Paddy Chayefsky vs. the TV Establishment. Vigorous, phony, razzle-dazzling. **SK**

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Vladimir's opening song, that promise us facets within this paradoxically constrained but universal play that we haven't yet seen.

As many have pointed out, the original French title of the play *En Attendant Godot* translates more literally as *While Waiting for Godot*. We can't fault the translator in this case: it's Beckett himself, of course, who opted for a phrase as easy for the English tongue as the original is for the French. (He didn't do the German translation—it was made by Elmar Tophoven.) But the French title puts more exactly the play's central agon: the passage of time. As Hamlet strives to fulfill his father's mission, as Oedipus strives to help his stricken city, so these two tramps struggle merely to pass the time of their lives. E. M. Cioran once said that the essence of Beckett is not despair but mysticism: as if earthly life were an interruption of a perfect state, an interruption somehow to be endured. Whether that is one's own view or not, this great play certainly puts the enduring of life—the sense of passage through it—under the aspect of eternity. And this delicate, delicately modulated production by the author is a subtle theatrical articulation of these two hours in relation to all of time.

As with lots of good things that come along, I now can hardly believe that this production really happened, although much of it is and will be vivid in my head. The dream on stage is like the realization of something I might have wanted to dream. And I can't see the production again because the company stayed for only seven performances. Still, to commemorate it here is one small way to certify it and to share it.

There's a better way. Asmus reports that Beckett prepared a *Regiebuch* for this production, a sort of heavily annotated promptbook, and shows a sample. At least one other such *Regiebuch* exists, for Beckett's production of *Happy Days* at the Schiller in 1971. These books should be published: not as law for all future productions but as testaments of how a theater genius saw his work—at least at one point in his life—in the theater.

Note. This *Godot* production was brought to New York by Goethe House and the West Berlin government as part of a five-week arts festival called *Berlin Now*. One of the many other items was Peter Stein's film of Gorky's *Summerfolk*, not in itself a good film but with many of the extraordinary actors of the Stein theater, including Edith Clever and Bruno Ganz who were seen earlier in Rohmer's *The Marquise of O* . . . .

Gershwin, Part I

Rhapsody in Blue

I first got to know George Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue* a little over 30 years ago, when I was in junior high school. I had heard murmurings about jazz and wanted to learn about it, but at that time there were very few good books on jazz and only a handful of the classical records of the '20s and '30s were available. I knew I didn't like the Harry James and Glenn Miller records my friends were listening to and so I seized upon Gershwin's three big "serious" pieces—the *Rhapsody*, *Concerto in F*, and *An American in Paris*—as a sort of stopgap, a bridge between the classical music I knew and the jazz I wanted to know. At home we had a copy of Paul Whiteman's 1927 recording of the *Rhapsody* with Gershwin at the piano, and in order to study the work closely I bought a score. I can still recall my bafflement at finding that the sounds issuing from the loudspeaker were not at all the sounds indicated in the score: not only was the performance severely cut (in order to fit on the two sides of a single 12-inch 78-rpm record), but the orchestral coloring was completely different. Before I had a chance to clear up the question, however, I stumbled on some books that told me where to go for real jazz—and, incidentally, told me as well that it was strictly forbidden to enjoy the ersatz jazz of Gershwin and Whiteman.

When I recently returned to Gershwin's music, I again began to wonder about the differing versions of the *Rhapsody*. My attempts to find an answer have led me not only to ask a host of new questions but also to see that despite the enormous amount written about Gershwin's life, our knowledge of how this most famous

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American composer's most famous music took the form it did is extraordinarily fragmentary and confused.

The full symphonic version of *Rhapsody in Blue* that we almost invariably hear on records and in the concert hall bears the copyright date 1942 and, as nearly as I have been able to gather, was made by Ferde Grofé at about that time. Since Gershwin had died five years earlier, it would seem obvious that he could never have heard the work as we hear it. His own two recordings, made with Whiteman in 1924 and 1927, are of what turns out to be an entirely different score, the one prepared by Grofé for the work's famous premiere, at Whiteman's "Experiment in Modern Music" concert at Aeolian Hall on Lincoln's birthday in 1924. Gershwin had promised to contribute something to the concert but, under the press of writing show music, had forgotten his promise until he read in the *Times* of January 4 that "George Gershwin is at work on a jazz concerto." Unflappable as ever, he dipped into his "tune book" (or, as he sometimes also called it, "the ice-box"), and three days later he began preparing a fair copy of the *Rhapsody* "For Jazz Band and Piano," with the band part written on two staves, as for a second piano, and including suggestions for instrumentation. He then had Grofé, at that time Whiteman's arranger, come to his apartment and orchestrate the piece, page by page, as it emerged from his pen. The last page of Grofé's score, now in the Library of Congress along with Gershwin's original manuscript, is dated February 4—which gives some idea of the pressure under which the two men were working.

Recently two recordings have been made of Grofé's 1924 score of the *Rhapsody*—not cut, as on the Whiteman records, but complete. We can thus hear, for the first time, approximately how the work sounded on that long-ago February afternoon. On Turnabout TV-S 34457 the American pianist Eugene List is accompanied by the Berlin Symphony Orchestra, directed by Samuel Adler; on Columbia XM 34205 Michael Tilson Thomas leads a pick-up group calling itself the Columbia Jazz Band and the pianist is George Gershwin—which demands a bit of explaining. In 1924, in addition to his recording with Whiteman, Gershwin made a piano roll of the complete *Rhapsody* in a piano transcription that included not only everything in the original solo part but also as much as possible of the band part. Piano rolls are of course made by punching holes in paper, each hole corresponding to a note. If a hole is subsequently covered up, the corresponding note is eliminated. Two record producers at Columbia had the ingenious idea of covering up all the holes corresponding to notes not in the solo piano part: what would remain would be Gershwin playing just the solo piano part. Thomas was then hired to conduct the 1924 score, synchronized with Gershwin's playing. The result is a technological triumph but a musical mishmash. Listening to the record for the first time, I was struck by the excessively slow tempo at the beginning, when the band is playing alone, and then by the sudden awkward quickening of the tempo when the same material is repeated shortly afterwards with the piano. It occurred to me that Thomas had perhaps felt free to take his own slow, very un-Gershwinlike tempo when he was not being paced by the piano roll, but had then been forced to speed up when the piano came in. Comparison with Gershwin's solo performance on the piano roll, well produced in Mark 56 record set #641 and also on Everest's Archives of Piano Music Series X-914, proved this to be the case—and not only at the beginning but also when the big E-major tune first enters, near the middle of the piece. Also, there are sections which Gershwin, in fine bravura style, plays faster than any orchestra could comfortably play them (and faster than he played them on the Whiteman records). At these points Thomas's group, scuffling to keep up, sounds harried and at loose ends.

The List-Adler performance has its problems too. List plays the piano part as it is played today, incorporating changes made since the 1924 score. More important, his playing—like most modern playing of Gershwin but totally unlike Gershwin's light, deft, elegant way with his own music—tends to be sentimental and overly rhetorical. The Berlin orchestra gives a decent account of the score, but plays with a deadpan stolidity that makes the *Rhapsody* sound too much like the *Dreigroschenoper*. The Gershwin piano roll, on the other hand, is incomparable: for once, every nuance and progression of this extraordinarily loose and episodic piece makes sense. All these records are priced cheaply: if you are fond of the *Rhapsody* and curious about how it originally sounded, it is probably best to buy both band-and-piano records and one of the piano roll. (Gershwin's two recordings with Whiteman are also available and invaluable: the 1924 one on Victrola AVM1-1740 and the 1927 on the recently-discontinued Victor Vintage Series LPV-555.)

Whatever the faults of the two recent attempts to resuscitate the 1924 score, the effort was well worth making. Even at its best, as played brilliantly and straightforwardly by pianist Werner Haas and the Monte Carlo Opera Orchestra under Edo de Waart on Philips 6500 118, the 1942 score sounds overblown and elephantine once you know the 1924 one. It is not just that the textures are leaner and clearer in the earlier version: the brassy rambunctiousness of the smaller, jazz-oriented ensemble is far more appropriate to the substance of the music than the mellow, suffused sound of a full symphony orchestra.

In the 1924 version, for example, the band enters after one of the piano interludes with the clarinet's opening tune played very sassily by soprano and baritone saxes, two octaves apart. But in the 1942 version the sassiness vanishes because instead of the two saxes we have an oboe and a bassoon, instruments which of course have totally different associations and evocative

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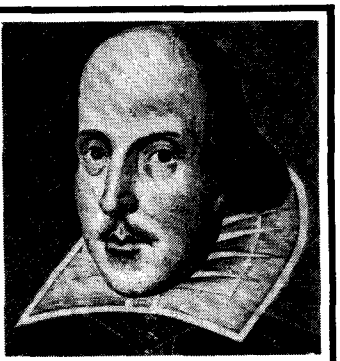
powers. In 1924 Grofé made brilliant use of the occasional sudden appearance of a conventional symphonic instrument. The oboe appears only for one brief moment, playing a frantic whirling figure and sounding like a bagpipe gone out of control. But in the 1942 version the passage is softened by the addition of a flute an octave above—and anyway, we have been hearing oboes all along. (In Gershwin's original manuscript, by the way, he suggests that this passage be given to the clarinet—only one of many instances in which Grofé, wisely, went his own way rather than taking Gershwin's suggestion.) Finally, there is the big E-major tune most people think of when they think of the *Rhapsody*. In the 1942 version it is played by the homogeneous orchestral mass, but in the 1924 version it is given only to the three saxes and the violins. Next to the stave allotted to the baritone sax, which carries the melody, Grofé has written in the score the word "solo"; and in an early baritone sax part in the Williams College Whiteman Collection, Grofé or someone else has written at the same point: "solo—emphasize." Plainly Grofé meant the tune to be heard as it is heard on both Whiteman records (though not on either of the recent recreations of the 1924 score): as a true baritone sax solo, reinforced by the other two saxes playing in close harmony above it and doubled by the violins playing in unison an octave above. Heard this way—and at the *Andantino moderato* Gershwin prescribes rather than the usual lachrymose *Adagio*—the all-too-familiar melody takes on a freshness and poignancy one would not have believed possible at this late date.

How then are we to listen to the *Rhapsody*? In what form did Gershwin usually perform it and how did he want it performed? Surviving photographs show him both with a full symphony orchestra at Lewisohn Stadium, where he appeared many times, and also with the approximately 30-piece Leo Reisman Orchestra, with which he toured in early 1934. We know that he played the *Rhapsody* with both sorts of ensemble, but what score did he use? Obviously, Grofé's 1924 score would not have been suitable for either, and yet the 1942 symphonic score that we know had evidently not yet come into being.

Answers to these questions are not easy to come by, but what seems to have happened is this. Gershwin quickly became dissatisfied with the way Whiteman played his music. At the 1927 *Rhapsody* recording session there was an argument between the two men and Whiteman angrily stalked out, leaving the conducting chores to the ever-present Victor house conductor Nathaniel Shilkret. But even before that, in April 1926, Gershwin had attended a Whiteman concert at the Albert Hall with his close friend Mabel Schirmer, who later told Edward Jablonski, Gershwin scholar and co-author with Lawrence D. Stewart of *The Gershwin Years*, that Gershwin had been disturbed by Whiteman's tempos in the *Rhapsody*. Moreover, there were of course great financial rewards to be reaped if the *Rhapsody*, which was growing ever more popular, could be played by more orthodox combinations than the Whiteman band. Therefore at some point, probably in late 1925 or early 1926, either Gershwin or his publisher commissioned Grofé to reorchestrate the work. This score, also in the Library of Congress, is dated February 23, 1926. It is for a sort of mini-symphony orchestra with full strings but very light woodwind and brass, and it has been prepared with enormous care, as if it were meant to stand for some time as the "definitive" version. It is more heavily "cued" than any score I have ever seen; that is, passages allotted to one instrument are frequently written, in small notes, in the staves of other instruments. The copyist would copy these cues into the orchestral parts, thus making it possible for one instrument to double another if the conductor so desired. As the ensembles performing the *Rhapsody* grew with the years,

The Bard and history.



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conductors did so desire, and according to Frank Campbell-Watson, the editor at New World Music who had charge of Gershwin's scores from 1932 to 1965, it was by this process of gradual accretion that what was to become the 1942 symphonic version evolved. No score of the *Rhapsody* was published until 1942, and over the years conductors kept making additions to the scores and parts they rented from New World. Confronted with this mass of unreadable material, Campbell-Watson reluctantly decided, sometime in the mid-'30s, not to commission a wholly new orchestration of the work but simply to have Grofé tidy up the score that had accumulated through the successive additions to the 1926 version. "I then told [Gershwin]," Campbell-Watson recently wrote me, "that a new orchestration, brilliant and sensible as it might be, would certainly not be the *Rhapsody in Blue* the public was accustomed to hear."

Thus the familiar symphonic version of *Rhapsody in Blue* is an accident and an anomaly—which surely helps to account for the way it sounds. We will now probably never know exactly how Gershwin would have perferred to hear the work—or even if he had one preferred version. The most one can say is that the 1924 version should be heard much more often and that it would be very interesting to hear the 1926 version as originally written, without additions. The later symphonic conception is there, but on a small scale. The light woodwind scoring would allow the saxes to come through (as they never do now), the string sections would be small, and the virtual absence of lower brass would preserve the lightness and leanness of the 1924 score—yet with the addition of conventional symphonic string and woodwind sonorities. So far as the *Rhapsody in Blue* is concerned, almost any move in the direction of lightness is a move in the right direction; it is the decades of increasingly overblown and heavy-handed symphonic performances that have made the work sound pretentious and silly, obscuring its true charm and wit.

William Youngren

William Youngren teaches English at Boston College and writes on music for *The Hudson Review*. This is the first of a four-part series on the major works of George Gershwin.

Books Considered

John Galsworthy: A Biography by Catherine Dupré

(Coward, McCann; $12.50)

"Never speak disrespectfully of Society," Oscar Wilde admonished in the year of his own disaster. "Only people who can't get into it do that." Or, he might have added, people tossed out of it—for even as he spoke Society was vindictively, if temporarily, transforming a feckless gentleman lawyer into a satirical man of letters. "The more I consider things," John Galsworthy reflected, "the more I feel that I'm only a social critic by accident." That accident, according to Galsworthy's most recent biographer, was his cousin's wife, Ada Nemesis—born without her father's name, christened by a whimsically resentful mother, married to a brutally insensitive cad. For the young man bored with his profession and emboldened by an acquaintance with Joseph Conrad, the scenario was irresistible—a late-Victorian "Locksley Hall," with cousin Amy eager to elope.

It was Ada for whose sake Galsworthy left the bourgeois pale. It was her ordeal that inspired his melodramas of marital captivity, as it was his own relations, including her former husband, who furnished the models for his men of property. It was she who made him, and it was she, with her neurasthenic sense of injury and her restless need for travel, who bit by bit unmade him. Or so the argument goes: "that his two loves, his love for Ada and his love for his writing, were in some senses incompatible is perhaps the tragedy of John Galsworthy."

Admittedly, the relationship of Victorian iconoclasts to their wives makes a curious study—Browning with his Perseus and Andromeda fantasies, Twain with his mother's-little-bad-boy hangup, Carlyle with his scorpions-ringed-with-fire domesticity. But tragedy seems an inflated term for what happened to Galsworthy's talent, and Ada too easy an excuse. "Didn't she spoil your life too?" Soames Forsyte's daughter asks of Irene, a character closely modeled after Ada. But her insinuation is rebuked: "Nobody can spoil a life, my dear. That's nonsense." It's circumstance that spoils lives after the age of consent, and willing submission to it.

The heroes in Galsworthy's fiction often function, in fact, as wooden embodiments of circumstance. His heroines, like the high-born maidens in a tower so recurrent in romantic verse, are something more volatile—the soul, the imagination, immured in loveless marriage or stifled by middle-class propriety. D.H. Lawrence contemptuously dismissed Irene as a "bitch in the manger," confident no doubt that Mellors the gamekeeper could teach her the lesson Soames Forsyte was too maladroit to convey. But Galsworthy intended his victimized women to represent "the impingement of Beauty, and the claims of Freedom on a possessive world"—or conversely, as a means of testing that claustrophobic constriction he associated with social privilege and obligation.

As a child Galsworthy once became hysterical when pinned to the floor by his nurse; as an adult he recalled the episode only to mock psychoanalytical interpretations of his work. And yet, in the "Autumn" section of *The Dark Flower*, a retrospective sublimation of his betrayal of Ada with the young dancer Margaret Morris, Galsworthy unconsciously evoked that boyhood panic: "he felt in the grip of something beyond his power to fight against; something that, however he swerved and backed, and broke away, would close in on him, find means to bind him again hand and foot." He had not anticipated that Beauty and Freedom might be in conflict, or that conflict itself might be the necessary condition of both: "between these two, suffering so because of him, he felt as if he had lost his own existence." The paradox of Galsworthy's satire, as Lawrence so shrewdly perceived, is that the freedom embodied in his headstrong heroines is merely the mirror image of its bourgeois antithesis, the men of property who hold them captive. The paradox of his success as a writer is that the Forsytes were as much his audience as his target.

"I've enjoyed too pleasant circumstances," Galsworthy scrawled on a pad shortly before he died. It was the sort of confession Max Beerbohm's

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parody might have led one to expect: "Both of them yearned so wistfully to live always in accordance to the nature of things. And this, they felt, ought surely to be the line of least resistance." But unlike Beerbohm, and like his biographer Mrs. Dupré, Galsworthy was inclined to call such self-deception tragic. In a note describing his most autobiographical character, Hilary Dallison in *Fraternity*, Galsworthy mused,

> *The peculiar nature of English breeding and education tends when it gets the right kind of material to work on to produce a being so repressed, self-conscious, inhibited and hypersensitive that when life, as it sometimes will in the "best regulated families," jerks him into contact with raw human flesh and blood he is simply paralyzed . . . His is the tragedy of over-refinement, and a very real tragedy it is.*

A remarkably candid self-assessment if he was really thinking of himself, but an inflated notion of its significance nonetheless.

The problem with Galsworthy's work lies in the very concept of bourgeois tragedy. Tragedy involves passionate destruction, an element of heroic grandeur; it is soap opera, that quintessentially suburban genre, that chronicles pathetic waste. In tragedy, the fox gnaws through its leg to escape the trap; in soap opera, the trapped animal is domesticated, yelping on moonlit nights for the freedom it has renounced. As someone at the BBC had the good sense to recognize, *The Forsyte Saga* is neither saga nor tragedy, but soap opera pure and simple. It was Lawrence who further noted that, after its initial volume, it isn't satire either:

> *The satire, which in* The Man of Property *had a certain noble touch, soon fizzles out, and we get that series of Galsworthian "rebels" who are, like all the rest of the modern middle-class rebels, not in rebellion at all. They are merely social beings, behaving in an anti-social manner . . . Money means more to them than it does to a Soames Forsyte, so they pretend to go one better, and despise it, but they will do anything to have it—things which Soames Forsyte would not have done.*

Galsworthy through Lawrence's eyes is a liberal without the heart to execute his relatives when the revolution begins, without the killer instinct of, say, Thomas Mann in *Buddenbrooks*, or even Thackeray, his nearest English equivalent. And from Lawrence's point of view it is easiest to fault Catherine Dupré's biography, for it shares the qualities of Galsworthy's better work—scrupulous and intelligent but somehow dull, and in some curious way as bound by caste as Galsworthy's novels. Galsworthy is dogmatically reproved for elevating life above his art, but we glimpse so little vivacity or heightened awareness in the telling of it: a night in youth, awake by a pond in western Canada, swatting mosquitoes and waiting for a deer that never came; an afternoon in middle-age, with Margaret Morris in a taxicab, putting his arm about her as she shivers, letting her bury her face in his overcoat lapel; or in later years at his Bury estate, furious with his literary friends for beating him at croquet. Perhaps the pity of Galsworthy's life was not that he killed the thing he loved, but that he loved the thing that killed him—or at least the thing he purportedly despised as the negation of life.

And yet, Galsworthy is something more than a cautionary example of incomplete rebellion or the vagaries of Nobel prize committees. He was, to invoke Sainte-Beuve, a good and decent man, an industrious craftsman, and, as he once remarked of himself, not such a fool as he seemed. Courage and kindness were his ideals, and he achieved them. If his characters were often gentlemen in the worst sense of the word, he was himself a gentleman by Newman's definition. Though most of us, like Soames's daughter Fleur, would rather be free than good, we remain—despite subscriptions to *The New Republic*—as bourgeois as his subjects, less gentle than he. And we might do well to beware that escalation of hypocrisy from Forsyte to Galsworthy to hip critic of today, sneering at Galsworthy's work for its satirical insufficiency. The point, as Lawrence said, is not correct opinions but a different life; and there are academic Forsytes too, inclined like old Jolyon towards sentimental materialism, but Forsytes nonetheless. Writing this essay has made me a little desperate. The night I finished it I whispered something indecent to a colleague's wife at a faculty sherry party. Galsworthy would not have approved, but Lawrence would be proud of me.

Benjamin Dunlap

Benjamin Dunlap teaches film and literature at the University of South Carolina.

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A New Life of Anton Chekhov
by Ronald Hingley

(Knopf; $12.50)

The Gentle Barbarian: The Life and Work of Turgenev
by V.S. Pritchett

(Random House; $10)

Ronald Hingley's first sentence signals what is wrong with his book. Chekhov, he says, was a "most elusive man." We discover what this means when Hingley (author of a 1950 critical study of Chekhov and translator of *The Oxford Chekhov*) goes on to say that human personality is a mystery; hence Chekhov is as unknowable as the elusive characters who populate his plays. Now even if this is in some eschatological sense true, it is a craven thing for a biographer to say not two pages into his book. It amounts to an abdication of the imaginative office. One sees what Professor Hingley's caveat portends, however: he is going to take the high dull road of academic objectivity. We are in store for a maddening cautious *Life*.

Hingley's tepid thesis is that Chekhov was not a saint. Who, one wonders, would have thought he was? The Soviet reading public, apparently: they have been fed a diet of treacle on Chekhov. He has been portrayed as a kindly doctor, a devoted family man, a proto-revolutionary, a friend of peasant and worker alike. Hingley devotes a good part of his narrative energy to correcting this view; he cheers every evidence of Chekhov's moral obliquity and political indifference. If they ever get a chance to read it, Hingley's book will thus perform an important service for Chekhov's Soviet readers. Unfortunately, his book is likely to be read for the most part by Westerners, who can hardly be expected to have supposed that Checkhov was a "saintly ninny" in the first place.

"Why do you get so little out of life?" is, Hingley says, the question Chekhov asks again and again of his characters. He must often have asked it of himself: he got precious little. He worked hard as a writer and, intermittently, until five years before his death, as a doctor. He traveled: to Europe, "The Vatican bores me, I long for buckwheat gruel"; to Yalta, "I can't, can't, can't stay here," and in the sole adventure of his life to Sakhalin Island, a penal colony off the Siberian coast, of which he was to write a combination scholarly study and expose. "I've seen nothing for three months," he writes from Sakhalin, "but convicts and the lash. What a dismal life!" Petersburg gets on his nerves; in Moscow things seem "so vulgar and tedious" that he's ready to bite; while back at his country estate at Melikhovo he thanks God that he has guests from Moscow "or else one might grow petrified with boredom." Apparently he got as little out of people as places. He seems to have had few close friends. "He never opened his soul," one friend complained.

At 29 Chekhov begins to spit blood. Foolishly, he diagnosed or misdiagnosed his own case. Perhaps, as Hingley conjectures, he guessed the truth and knew there was nothing he could do. In any case eight years passed before a correct diagnosis was made; but by then it was too late. At 41 he marries Olga Knipper, the Moscow Arts Company actress who played Madame Ranevsky in the premiere of *The Cherry Orchard*. Their marriage lasts four years; it is conducted largely by letter, she being in Moscow most of the time, he in Yalta. Olga (she lived until 1959) was a vivacious, energetic woman, forever running off to parties, leaving her husband at home to cough and spit blood. Chekhov was a little daunted by her energy. The years of their marriage, after all, were the years of his dying. At 44, after a brief, deceptive recovery, he dies of tuberculosis, at Badenweiler, a German spa. Just before the end his wife tries to revive him with an ice pack against his heart. "You don't put ice on an empty heart," he says.

As a young man Tolstoy was the nettlesome friend of Turgenev; as a patriarch he saw Chekhov to the grave. He is one of the great figures of literature, and the biographer of either writer must reckon with him. In Hingley's pages we rarely see the man; the category has taken his place. Thus when he quotes a late letter in which Chekhov says that he loved Tolstoy more than anyone he had ever known, we haven't the faintest clue why. V.S. Pritchett, on the other hand, without departing from the written record, recreates Turgenev's encounters with Tolstoy. These were dramatic indeed.

Their first meeting is in 1856; Turgenev is 36, Tolstoy a decade younger. Over dinner, Turgenev praises George Sand. Tolstoy won't have this: A woman of such loose morals, he shouts, "ought to be dragged through the streets as a public example!" In the '60s we see Tolstoy on a visit to Spasskoye, Turgenev's ancestral estate. Turgenev gives him the manuscript of the just completed *Fathers and Sons*. Tolstoy lies on the couch, begins to read, and promptly falls asleep. It says much for the prevailing sweetness of Turgenev's character that he manages to forgive this, to us, unpardonable slight; for that evening, with the help of champagne, he and Tolstoy are all conviviality. But over breakfast the storm breaks out. Tolstoy insults Turgenev's illegitimate daughter:

> *Turgenev:* I beg you not to say that.
> *Tolstoy:* Why should I not say what I am convinced is true?

Tolstoy's sincerity was corrosive. 20 years later they meet again, this time at Yasnaya Polyana. Turgenev gambols with Tolstoy's children, breaks into a can-can and a note from Tolstoy's diary reads: "Turgenev, Can-can—sad. Meeting peasants on the road was joyful."

One would like to have met Turgenev. Henry James, who did, and who as an American might stand for us, liked him immediately. Whether in person, as Pritchett presents him, or in his novels and stories, his Russianness does not seem so overwhelming as to constitute a barrier. He is approachable in a way that Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky, to Western sensibility, are not.

What draws us to Turgenev, aside from the exquisiteness of his art, is our sense that he is a kindred spirit, that we share the same values. He was for the West in the struggle for the soul of Russia, which we hear offstage in the great novels, between the Westernizers and the Slavophils. And he was a liberal, then as now a very rare breed in Russia. He was simultaneously attracted to and repelled by the radical movements of his day. He was all with the radicals in their criticism of the existing order; but what, he kept asking them, would they put in its place? Negation was not enough, one

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had to build. His predicament is very much our own; it is, as Sir Isaiah Berlin has written, "The Liberal Predicament." He speaks to us, Irving Howe writes in his fine essay on Turgenev, "for a politics of hesitation, a politics that will never save the world but without which the world might not be worth saving."

Turgenev's political hesitations reflected the profoundest moral and intellectual scruples. "I could not simplify myself"—when a disillusioned radical in Turgenev's last political novel, *Virgin Soil*, says this, he is speaking for his author. Nevertheless, Turgenev was attacked on the crudest personal grounds; called a coward and worse. He was attacked by the left for failing to provide a "positive hero," which was to be the shibboleth of Socialist realist criticism under the Soviets; and by the right, as much for his latent revolutionary sympathies as for his avowed Western loyalties. He stood his ground. During a time when the Russian intelligentsia seemed possessed by the demon of Conviction, he maintained his artist's right to tell the variable truth of his senses.

Jack Beatty

Jack Beatty is a free-lance writer living in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

The Letters of Virginia Woolf Volume II: 1912-1922 edited by Nigel Nicolson and Joan Trautmann

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $14.95)

Moments of Being: Unpublished Autobiographical Writings of Virginia Woolf edited by Jeanne Schulkind

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $8.95)

It was in the middle of a long series of Virginia Woolf's letters to her sister concerning the hiring and firing of cook and parlormaid that I found myself wondering why we love to read the letters, even the laundry lists, of the people we most admire. Life is short; biography ought to serve our need to see the figure whole, distanced, subjected to a finished analysis. Autobiography gives us a chance to hear that analysis without the distance, and to encounter the artist or public personage as he or she wants to be seen, the effects controlled: personality as work of art or self-defense. What's left to us in letters, of course, is the figure unguarded and unmediated, with no eye (we hope) on posterity. Personality assembles itself, in thousands of letters, like a pointillist picture. What emerges from the second annual publication of Virginia Woolf's *Letters* is not contradictory but immensely various evidence of the kind of domestic life she lived, and of her remarkable strength and sweetness.

Volume II of the *Letters* begins two days after her wedding day and takes us, petty incident by incident, through the first 10 years of an exemplary marriage between adults who were protective (however unevenly) of each other's powers and peace of mind. The stresses on the Woolf's marriage were never hidden: toothache and fatigue could tax her dangerously and, she writes, "unless I weigh 9½ stones I hear voices and see visions and can neither eat nor sleep." There were the frustrations of an ambivalent childlessness; two careers intensely (though again unevenly) pursued, Virginia's "as if I were exposed on a high ledge in full light"; the pressures of the publishing house which began as a healthy distraction but at many times threatened to become overwhelming. The First World War she managed to keep at the periphery of her consciousness, perhaps because, by a combination of privilege and circumstance, she gave it no hostages.

"Dear Mongoose," "Dear Bruin," "Your Mandrill": many of her letters are affectionate and playful. Though she seems more tart than sweet—"Why is it so pleasant to damn one's friends?" she asks disingenuously—it is in fact not her friends she damns so often as the acquaintances and literary fools whose pretentious airs offend her, and the anonymous crowds of poor British souls whose style curdles the milk of her human kindness. ("I don't like the children of the poor"; and no apology either. She and Leonard are an odd match in the area of social tolerance.) One is certain after a few hundred pages of letters that Woolf was rarely at a loss for a sharp reply—yet what a history of artificial sweetness she lugs in her wake, a vision of women biting their tongues to keep from offending or refusing, and the years of gawky deb-ish compliance when she and Vanessa went, smiling, where their socially aggressive half-brother pushed them. Except at her cruellest—". . . it seems a pity that Kitty (Maxse) did kill herself: but of course she was an awful snob"—it is hard to resist the feeling that Woolf is getting her own back, defending the autonomy of her taste and her stringent view of the world. One should, she writes, be "drastic with oneself, instead of sloppy." Her Bloomsbury correspondents did not expect reverence from her, though loyalty and support and good cheer pass endlessly and patiently around the circle. "I think you can trust yourself because you have made a habit of honesty," she assures a friend. "And, dear me, one never regrets *feeling* things in this life . . ."

And the *Letters* show her consistent at least in her literary judgments. However analytic, however skeptical and witty, it is feeling she puts first: "I have read the whole of Milton, without throwing any light upon my soul . . . Don't you think it very queer . . . that he entirely neglects the human heart? Is that the result of writing one's masterpiece at the age of 50?" James she calls a "museum . . . all deserted." George Eliot she wished had been spared the scandal in her life: "Perhaps . . . she would have written, not exactly better, but less facetiously." This is an exacting standard for a woman of her wit and acerbity, and some of the letters show the strain of reconciling her humane instincts with an uncharitably facile tongue.

There is a special tinge of hypocrisy that lies across many collections of letters, these no more than others; they are, after all, not private but social documents, not diaries where one says to a comprehending self only what one means, but bits of quasi-conversation in which accommodations are made and

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tact is possible. Thus Woolf may call her sister's husband "a male cockatoo," but surely not to his face, nor even to Vanessa's. But letter-readers have an unfair advantage: these fragments were not written to assure us of the candor or consistency or even the decency of her feelings.

The real fascination of Letters II does turn out to lie precisely in those passages about the cook and the parlormaid. One comes expecting the intricacies of her friendships and the brilliance of Bloomsbury discourse. But her life was that of a middle-class wife and sister and householder as well, and there is no evidence that she disdained those roles; quite the contrary. Mrs. Woolf, who elsewhere and at length decried the scarcity of our information about the comings and goings of Shakespeare's sister and her maternal ancestors, has provided us with ample documentation of her own quite ordinary, inconsequential tastes, her obligations, occupations, habits at Hogarth House, at Asheham. The bulk of this is the sort of business that gets transacted nowadays (between sisters who lived four miles from each other!) by telephone. When she is feeling strong, she shows herself a delightfully concerned, naively maternal friend: "Twice you date your letters 2 a.m. and if so, how can you possibly be well? Even if you don't sleep, try going to bed at 10. I find nothing makes so much difference." She gives disquisitions on the purity and

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powers of milk. In the midst of an assessment of Gerard Manley Hopkins she must go and wash or boil some glue for the bindings of the Hogarth books. "I'm going to try liquid manure. Please write an account of your entire day from dawn to sunset." And the amount of time spent on those servants, their hiring, firing, supervision, and the analysis of their deceit—one read the mail and quoted it back to her—is so staggering that at times one wonders if they could have saved more time than they took.

The bad times are accounted for chiefly by silence. When one of her depressions forces her to her bed, occasionally Leonard takes her pen, says "This is Virginia" and dutifully transcribes a chatty letter. There are times when one can hear her, *feel* her barely holding on by her teeth, desperately gay. To her sister: "I'm going out today, I hope, and think I've quite recovered, though I mean to have the discretion of an elephant. Please imitate me; but I live like a sultana among pillows and fowls and you are a lean old drudge and mother of millions."

So she continues, in her way, the family line of controlled and dutiful women. She will let neither distraction nor comfort seduce her from her concentration. The mid-Victorians' writing was trivialized, perhaps, by both; Woolf condemns their "instinctive fluency . . . as if Mrs. Gaskell sat down to her writing with the cat on her knee." For herself, she writes to her friend Morgan Forster in 1922, "Writing is still like throwing bricks over a wall." It is difficult; it is disruptive.

A young writer named Gerald Brenan, having invited it, receives more of Woolf's literary advice in three pages than anyone else here. "I think . . . there is a great deal of excitement and fun and pure pleasure and brilliance in one's fellow creatures. I'm not sure that you shouldn't desert your mountain, take your chance, and adventure with your human faculties—friendships, conversations, relations, the mere daily intercourse. Why do young men hold books up before their eyes so long? French literature falls like a blue tint over the landscape."

What Woolf struggled for with a lonely seriousness was what she called "character without realism." Yet it is clear that her own work is made up, in fact, of the most delicate of stitches, of finely-tuned psychological observation and a great deal of quite domestic clatter; think of *Jacob's Room*, written during

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this period; it is as attentive as her *Letters* to daily life.

No one, Woolf says in her letter to Brenan, can see the human soul whole: "the best of us catch a glimpse of a nose, a shoulder, something turning away, always in movement." *Moments of Being*, a selection of previously unpublished autobiographical writings, is a rewarding compendium of such glimpses of Woolf herself. Some of it is unabashedly personal, in the documentary sense: she writes about her childhood (twice, with increasing candidness, in 1907 and 1939-40), her family, her sexual shame, her physical self-consciousness. There are early intimations of what may have been her susceptibility to madness—or were they simply moments of perception all children share and few have occasion to report?

Woolf tried to devise "some means by which the two levels of existence can be recorded—the rapid passage of events and actions; the slow opening up of single and solemn moments of concentrated emotion." Here, unsystematically, she breaks down some of the problems any novelist but the most relentlessly conventional will recognize: "how to describe what I call in my private shorthand—'non-being' . . . ."; the great part of every day that is "not lived consciously—although it was a good day the goodness was embedded in a kind of nondescript cotton wool." Then what to do for coherence, the sense of pattern that "hides behind the

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cotton wool" and binds it all together? Certainly the tonalities of her prose are one of the kinds of coherence Woolf relies upon. Her own first memories are made of the same sensual stuff as the books themselves—"lying in a grape and seeing through a film of semi-transparent yellow"! Best of all, appropriate for Woolf, are the almost accidental sparks of light she throws on her method; a paragraph, for example, in which she describes a fishing career just long enough to encompass the catching of one fish before her repugnance overcame her. But "the passion I had for it—for the thrill and the tug—had been beyond words . . . And from the memory of my own passion I am still able to construct the sporting passion. It is impossible to have every experience, one must make do with seeds."

Rosellen Brown

Rosellen Brown's most recent book is a narrative poem, *Cora Fry* (Norton).

Reconsideration

Lionel Trilling

The Middle of the Journey

(Avon; $3.95 paper)

"Any historian of the literature of the modern age," Lionel Trilling once noted, "will take virtually for granted the adversary intention, the actually subversive intention, that characterizes modern writing—he will perceive its clear purpose of detaching the reader from the habits of thought and feeling that the larger culture imposes, of giving him a ground and a vantage point from which to judge and condemn, and perhaps revise, the culture that produced him." Trilling's own relation to this subversive tendency was both complex and ambivalent: for although he was far from unresponsive to the modern assault upon the "specious good" of middle-class domesticity, he was made profoundly uneasy by the moral intransigence of the modern imagination, by the "negative transcendence of the human" which the program of opposition has seemed to require; and although he remained wholly committed to the survival of what he called the opposing self, to the cultivation of a detachment which permits judgment and condemnation and revision, he was nonetheless concerned to assess the hazards and inadequacies of the adversary stance.

More and more, over the past two decades, Trilling had been moved to dissent from the modern passion for extremity and estrangement—to repudiate our eager flirtations with apocalypse and to reject the valuation of "authenticity" that ends in the validation of madness: "Who," he asked in 1970, while discussing the work of David Cooper and R.D. Laing, "Who that finds intelligible the sentences which describe madness . . . in terms of transcendence and charisma will fail to penetrate to the great refusal of human connection that they express?" Against what he conceived to be the perverse and violent energies of the modern self, against the uncompromising demand for radical autonomy, Trilling had increasingly felt compelled to affirm the specifically *social* virtues, the Arnoldian ideals of reason and decorum and restraint. And since the defense of order or of moderation is likely to be perceived as an apology for the *status quo*, Trilling came to be viewed by some as an advocate of quietism and conformity—a "divided and reactionary man," as Denis Donoghue argued some years ago.

That a critic who had originally sought "to recall liberalism to its first essential imagination of variousness and possibility" should thus be regarded as the votary of a weary conservatism is surely odd and ironic. Yet the shifts in the direction of Trilling's thought are real enough, resulting as they do from his revised readings of the cultural barometer. What needs to be insisted upon here is that these shifts are themselves expressions of Trilling's supple liberalism. They represent the inevitable and quite proper adjustments of his modulated vision—by which I mean his complicated awareness of the competing claims of self and society; for to understand that men exist within culture as well as beyond it, is to understand that both acquiescence *and* alienation threaten the fully human life. In Trilling's fine short story, "The Other Margaret," we are told that Stephen Elwin, "had he been truly the wise man he wanted to be," would have been able to explain to his young daughter "the nature of the double truth": that the Elwin's Negro maid *does* have "a handicap" and must indeed "struggle hard—against prejudice," but that hard struggles earn no exemptions from responsibility; that men are at once shaped by circumstance and capable of moral choice. And it is toward precisely this double truth, this Pascalian ideal of poise and equilibrium, that *The Middle of the Journey* moves: "Call it the human being in maturity, at once responsible and conditioned."

Trilling was fond of quoting Forster's dictum that "Death destroys a man, but the idea of death saves him"; so it is not at all surprising to learn, on reading his Introduction to this new edition of his only novel, that *The Middle of the Journey* had its origin in a planned *nouvelle* "about death." The completed novel is of course "about" a good many other things as well. But death—as an occasion for surrenders and denials, as an index and determinant of political values—remains very much at the center. *The Middle of the Journey* begins with an illness and ends with a funeral; and it is filled throughout with the sick and the dying and the consciousness of death: there is old Mr. Folger, "so on the edge of life that he was scarcely a person any longer," and Gifford Maxim, haunted by bloody memories of Spain—a lapsed Communist frantically trying to establish a public identity because he now fears "the ocean bottom or . . . a pistol behind my ear"; there is Susan Caldwell with her diseased heart; and of course there is John Laskell, whose fiancee has died of pneumonia and who is himself recuperating from a nearly fatal illness. Only Arthur and Nancy Croom, with "their youth" and "their vigor" and their commitment "to life" are exempt from the experience of death and from the necessary knowledge that it confers. And although neither Trilling nor Laskell has any use for Maxim's guilt-ridden reactionary theology, the novel's harshest indictment is lodged against the doctrinaire innocence of the

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Crooms—against their intolerance and absolutism, and their fierce devotion to the future.

Arthur Croom is a professor of economics and a liberal whose reformist sympathies place him at the uneasy periphery of radical politics—close to the "life of danger and morality" that his wife so urgently craves. "Arthur is on every committee of protest," she reminds Laskell. "He's by no means safe." Capable, tough-minded, and worldly, committed to a vision of rational progress, Arthur seems to Laskell the man of "the near future"—"the man in whom the drive for power did not destroy intelligence and character." Nancy, with "a child's strong, demanding anger," is more militant than her husband, less tolerant of that complexity of mind which she contemptuously views as "liberal shilly-shallying." In her fierceness and her impatience, in her stubborn and abstract devotion to the *lumpen* "reality" of Duck Caldwell (Duck, she remarks, is "a very important *kind* of person . . . even if you don't consider him just personally")—in her sternness and intensity and self-deceit, she is the direct fictional descendant of Christina Light, that "perfect drunkard of reality" whom Trilling would so brilliantly anatomize in his study of *The Princess Casamassima*.

During the years of their friendship, Laskell has come to regard the Crooms as "a justification of human existence. He could think of them in terms quite as large as that." But as he recuperates at their summer home in Connecticut, he discovers in them the endemic defects of the liberal mind: its willfulness and rigidity; its crudely materialistic conception of reality; its denial of moral complexity and its evasion of personal responsibility; its "deficiency of emotion" and its failure of imagination. From these things Laskell has been saved, for in his illness he has acquired "a kind of virtue and a kind of wisdom." Half in love with easeful death, Laskell has experienced the peculiar grace of submission, the strange serenity of what Forster called the "relaxed will": "It was not quite extinction that he had taken such a fancy to, but it was something just short of extinction. It was the removal of all the adverse conditions of the self, the personality living in nothing but delight in itself." Moreover, Laskell's intimations of mortality have forced upon him a clear awareness of human limitation, and it is this which cuts him off from the facile progressivism of his friends. "History shows," Nancy insists, "that man is dialectically developing and improving himself all the time. There is no limit to his potentialities." Laskell of course knows otherwise—knows that immunity cannot be "developed" nor suffering "improved," and that death sets final limits. For just this reason, the Crooms refuse to discuss Laskell's illness and will not acknowledge that he has nearly died—believe, in fact, that death is "politically reactionary." Committed as they are to the future (Nancy's pregnancy is her "guarantee"), the Crooms exhibit liberalism's characteristic "incompetence before tragedy," for they have banished death from their vision of the world. John Laskell too had been a creature of futurity and expectation; but in the middle of the journey of his life he learns that "maturity itself meant that the future and the present were brought together, that you lived your life *now* instead of preparing and committing yourself to some better day to come." The knowledge is hardly new; it was Pascal's before it was Trilling's. But it is a part of Trilling's achievement to have understood its full political significance, to have connected such knowledge with the health and cogency of the political intelligence.

If Arthur Croom is the man of the near future, Gifford Maxim is the man of "the far future, the bloody, moral, apocalyptic future that was sure to come." And the Crooms's program of sociological innocence is opposed by Maxim's doctrine of theological guilt. Against the passionate intensity of his friends, against their rigid systems of sin and exculpation, Laskell defends a more complex and demanding view of the human predicament: "An absolute freedom from responsibility—that much of a child none of us can be. An absolute responsibility—that much of a divine or metaphysical essence none of us is." It is this modulated ideal which Maxim believes to have lost its power and its purpose, to have receded into obsolescence like the formal rigor of the sonnet, which Nancy dismisses as "positively feudal." "The day for being human in the way you feel is over," Maxim argues. "Gone. Done for. Finished." And he goes on to accuse Laskell of a kind of intellectual surrender which is also an act of moral suicide: "Remember it!" he urges. "The supreme act of the humanistic critical intelligence—it perceives the cogency of the argument and acquiesces in the fact of its own extinction."

The claim cannot easily be denied. Laskell has, after all, carried on "quite a love affair with non-existence"; and surely no recent writer has been more steadily aware than Trilling of the liberal susceptibility to "fatigue and disillusionment." Yet for all of its concern with the allure of inertia and the politics of death, *The Middle of the Journey* is in many respects just what it appears to be—a story of recovery and renewal, resolution and independence. For although Susan Caldwell's death presides over the final chapters, it is her absurd recitation from Blake's *Milton* which seals the novel's commitment to the resilient mind and the active will: "I will not cease from Mental Flight,/Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand." The novel's importance and its value derive in large measure from precisely this willingness to confront the temptations of acquiescence, yet to deny them full or final authority; and because of this, it seems to me to speak with a special urgency to the weary and disaffected liberalism of our own day. Trilling argued long ago that the crucial responsibility of the novel must be "the restoration and reconstitution of the will." No doubt that is too large a burden. Yet in its modest and moderate way, *The Middle of the Journey* pursued the task; and now, nearly 30 years after it was written, it continues to offer testimony to the rare and necessary virtues of the liberal imagination.

Tom Samet

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The Liberal Imagination

(Scribner's; $10, 3.95 paper)

The Liberal Imagination, the best known of the late Lionel Trilling's collections of essays, published in 1950 and now reissued, makes in its title the demand that Trilling made on us in all his work: that we look at the imaginative consequences of our politics, and the political consequences of our uses of the imagination. "Unless we insist," he puts it, "that politics is imagination and mind, we will learn that imagination and mind are politics, and of a kind we will not like." The immediate political service of art was to put before us the complication and variety of the human situation which had clearly been lost to view among those middle-class Americans whose greed for apocalypse blinded

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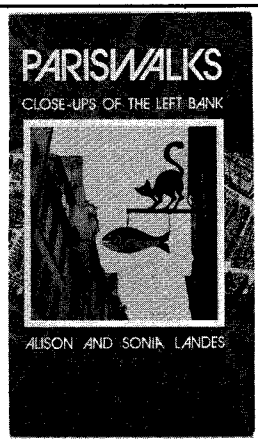
them to Stalinist terror. Art could render this service only to those who conceived of themselves as having a consciousness without internal membranes which walled off politics from art or art from moral values; who were aware that the complexities and splendors of art were the consequences of perceptions, creative energies, wills and ideas akin to their own. A part of such an awareness was a sense of the whole inward drama and the unavoidable conflicts of being a self, and a sense of individual possibilities fuller and more generous toward other human existences and their distinctiveness than that of the "liberals" of the 1950s. Freud could help, since "the Freudian man is . . . a creature of far more dignity and far more interest than the man which any other modern system has been able to conceive." It was this high estimation of our inward variousness, engaging unexpectedness, and worth which freed Trilling to employ the idea of class. He did not fear that individuals would be destroyed by an admission that we were all visibly conditioned by social circumstances. His contemporaries usually did have this fear; whether they were Marxists or not they wrote as if people who were inwardly qualified by membership in this or that group were automatically excluded from a nascent Emersonian or Stalinist utopia.

The 16 essays in this volume include the masterful pair ("Freud and Literature," "Art and Neurosis") in which Trilling sorted out the relations between art and psychoanalysis, disposing of many confusions, including those loosed by Edmund Wilson in *The Wound and the Bow*, and showed that although we might all be called ill, art issued from strength rather than from psychic strategies to secure gratification for a wounded psyche. There are essays of cultural commentary, among them that on the early years of *Partisan Review* and its place in the culture; another which deals with the Kinsey report and its reduction of our sexuality to statistics which have covert cultural meanings. Two great essays on the novel and social reality appear here: "Manners, Morals and the Novel," and "Art and Fortune"—a third which deals with a single novel, Henry James's *The Princess Casamassima*, is of special importance to Trilling's admirers. James's social vision of the 1880s, supplemented by Trilling's extrapolation of its significance, becomes a shrewd and suggestive forecast of subsequent Western politics. The appetite for a novel of the sort Trilling sees in *The Princess* had already been satisfied, for me at least, by Trilling's own novel, *The Middle of the Journey* (1947) which articulates political ideas and the actualities of class with personal passions as no other American novel has—although some of its intentions are foreshadowed in Howells's neglected book, *The Vacation of the Kelwyns*. *The Liberal Imagination* also includes essays on Dreiser and Parrington, on Sherwood Anderson, and on Twain. Other essays deal with Tacitus, Wordsworth's *Immortality Ode*, the relation of ideas to literature, and the relation of literature to history. With the exception of the essay on Dreiser and Parrington and that on Anderson, which are tied to their period in a somewhat limiting way, the whole of this collection of essays opens out toward the issues of literature and society as freshly as ever. Everything Trilling touches seems to ring with its own note; he had the secret of welcoming a larger and more variously peopled world than other critics of a generation ago. The chief mark of the criticism of the time—it was one in which reappropriation, revaluation was the watchword—was a kind of breathlessness of discovery, as in R.P. Blackmur, who seemed illicitly imbrued in the very creative process he was examining. The light and the pleasure Trilling got from books did not involve using them to affirm his own existence, or attempts, such as those of Robert Penn Warren's fiction, to patch our impaired sense of social reality with esthetic constructs. Trilling stood on the social ground implied by his recognition of the full existence of others. His tone created a social space in which the work or issue at hand was being considered by the critic in the presence of an expected reader. Both the reader and he had been conditioned by the culture—hence Trilling's use of the first person plural—both now stood apart to look afresh at the question at hand. The reader was challenged to occupy the space Trilling reserved for him.

Many of Trilling's original readers responded with a lively gratitude, but there is reason to suspect that not a few had a residual discomfort. They had been given exhilarating glimpses of their chances for a fully developed power of judgment—an esthetic experience which came from their encounter with the movement of the prose of Trilling's essays, which suggested the very cadences of thought. The prose voice staged a drama of perception and implication, set the scene for the turn—or the transformation—which was to follow, and had the capacity to bring disparate things together and make them resonate with a fresh significance. That voice was enlivening proof that mind and sensibility could hold a stressed and fractured world in view without being overset. But the residual doubt, which might be paraphrased, "Can I possibly be this much at home with my powers in a world that must be wholly changed?" persisted for some readers, and I suggest that it arose from the culturally determined flaws in the modern self which Trilling exposes.

In 1950 liberalism was strongly tinged with Stalinism, which worked to mask the individual's will from himself, making use of ostensibly impersonal political ideas to satisfy the psychic needs of the "well-loved child of the middle classes," as Trilling had made clear in *The Middle of the Journey*. Another doctrinal strain in the consciousness of the readers of the 1950s made for difficulty in the reception of the gift of full selfhood Trilling offered his reader. The idea of literature and of the imagination was suffused by acceptance of I. A. Richards on Coleridge, and of T.S. Eliot on the purely literary character of the literary tradition. These influences worked to disjoin the imagination and its products from practical and political existence; it came to be believed by those disenchanted with Stalinism that art could only be saved from turning into propaganda if the power that produced it was quite separately conceived. The artist's alienation was not simply painful isolation in a degraded society; it had the positive



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meaning of the need for a fierce and principled detachment. In the work of Philip Rahv, William Phillips, Alfred Kazin or Irving Howe these divisions persist; we find the critic functioning with these internal and external disjunctions in mind. Political ends must be pursued apart from the creation and appraisal of art. Of course the separation is not total; cross-references are admissible, but it remains true that the critic stands guard over divided powers and discriminable activities which have to be kept apart in himself and others. Trilling's response to all this was massively simple; he did not assent to the notion that human beings were inwardly split in this way. In *The Liberal Imagination* and the books that followed he had the boldness to try to recreate a sense of our humanity out of what had been implicitly fractured, by these influences and by the whole course of western culture since the time of Rousseau.

I can only suggest how he made an image of man for us: the human creature was a dreamer, and therefore natively a poetry-making animal; he was a fatally single desiring, willing, judging self, and a home, not simply for the turbulent ghosts of his immediate ancestors, but for the culture in which he was found, and the residence as well of indefinable powers which required celebration and licensed hope—and of human cussedness which called for irony. These traits of ours are felt as much in the texture of the critic's prose as in overt statement, and they are evidence of a power of love which is truly extraordinary because it is not reductive and goes out to all things in their quiddity. Trilling remarks of Tolstoy that what we call his "objectivity" is simply his wide-ranging capacity to cherish the variety of existence, and the remark applies to Trilling as well, suggesting that it was not science, nor institutions nor explicit morality that made it possible to conceive of the 19th century as a scene of human possibility, but a more widespread capacity to give affectionate credence to the separate existence of other people than we now have.

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This remarkably inclusive sense of humanity did not comprise a method, but it was the ground on which Trilling employed his characteristic strategy: bringing to bear conceptions of self from the 19th and earlier centuries, and of their grand object, society, in his consideration of modern writers, our culture, and our society. Given the amplitude and reach of such juxtapositions as these Trilling could do things others no longer dared to attempt. He could use the names of the virtues, he could speak with authority to tragedy, he could invoke the great stubborn persons of the 19th century—Hegel, Stendhal, Nietzsche, Freud, and especially Wordsworth and Keats. They had shouldered the burden of being a self in a world in which the loss of faith had enforced upon the self the necessity of a creation which would complement it and be its inclusive other: society. Our present inability to bring society into focus as an object of thought is a consequence of the incapacity to imagine individuals who have such ample faith in the existence of human community. These persons of the past had—with the help of Rousseau and others—worried 'society' into being, made fictional representations of it, condemned it, tried to correct it—yet it now seems that they did most for us by simply believing in it, and being unmistakable officers of hope, the hope that human affairs were in some measure ours to understand and command.

As these progenitors of the modern slip out of mind, their grand object, society, slips away; we appear to be implicated in an industrial, technological, informational web whose forms and ends are incommensurate with individual human agency. Literary criticism lately has become an enthusiastic recruit in this process of depersonalization. What was in Northrop Frye an interesting departure, the exploration of the "iconography of the imagination" and of Western artistic forms as rituals endemic in the species, has hardened into the much more impersonal system of structuralism or the practice of "deconstruction," all equally impermeable to the intrusion of individual agency or of history, unless history be monolithically conceived as it is in Foucault. There are instances of comic extremity: a literary scholar writing about the *bildungsroman*, which Trilling had treated in "Art and Fortune" as the exemplary case of the attempt on the part of an individual to come to terms with the great world, speaks of the need to "dispense with ego values" if we are to understand the patterns which inform such works! The human will is to be extirpated as idea and as cause.

To say these things, even in this impressionistic way, explains why some critics wish to consign Trilling to the shades now gathering about the psychoanalyst and the historian who are committed to the attempt to tell true stories about persons and events. What is left of our humanity in current criticism is a shadow, such as the "performing self," a self invented not to complement the human world but as the bare abstract responsible for the products of the imagination. It has no ancestors and no expectation of issue save in esthetic structures; it fears death, but has no concern with 'history' or 'society' which are competing esthetic constructs lacking the absolute and enduring forms of art.

Trilling commented on such efforts at the reduction and depersonalization of man in writing about the 1960s. But he never conceded that the current dispositions of culture amounted to an absolute which wholly contained us, as his title, *The Opposing Self*, indicates. The immediate actuality of the time had to be confronted in order to find its relation to Trilling's stubborn biological faith in human possibility. The larger contention he had with us resides in his great dialectic confrontation of our century with its immediate predecessors. It was this that caught us, and did so for the best of reasons: it lends dignity, force and clarity to our own effort to marry individual perception to individual act. Wordsworth, Jane Austen, Keats and Dickens are of course antecedent, but they remain exemplary for us; what is finally required of us is that we should recognize and greet achieved human powers when they appear. Trilling says of Wordsworth, "It is an attractive thing about Wordsworth, and it should be a reassuring thing, that his acute sense of the being of others derives from and serves to affirm and heighten, his acute sense of his own being." This reassurance is what Trilling himself offers us, and it is a gift we refuse at the risk of diminishing our sense of our own being.

Quentin Anderson

Quentin Anderson is coeditor with Stephen Donadio and Steven Marcus of a memorial volume for Lionel Trilling, to be published later this year by Basic Books.

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The Back of the Book

Those Little Eyes So Helpless and Appealing

The use of little girls as sex objects has recently run an ugly gamut from the story of Roman Polanski, charged with rape and sodomy involving a 13-year-old girl in Los Angeles, to two new TV ads for Coke and Johnson's Baby Shampoo. The ad for Johnson's shows a father playing "Shampoo Man," a mock horror creature, for his giggly blond daughter, who adores the game. The voice-over describes the magic of Baby Shampoo while father nuzzles daughter within the normal range of tickles and squeezes. Then at the end the ad suddenly changes direction. We see the father nuzzling some beautifully shampooed hair, but his nuzzle is passionate. Before we get through one gasp, the nuzzlee turns, revealing that it is mother, not daughter, thus indicating the shampoo's versatility, and perhaps daddy's to boot.

The ad for Coke is more explicit. A girl about 12 strolls around a football field during practice, admiring the players and cheer leaders. She wears glasses, a long tweed dress, carries books, and her hair is bunned up the way Hollywood used to show mousie executives before they realized that they were not only not mousie, but the most beautiful women on Earth. This is what happens to the star of our ad. Impulsively she high kicks along with the cheer leaders who immediately invite her to join them. To the tune of "Coke adds life" the little lady lets down her hair, discards books and glasses, changes instantly into a short-skirted cheer leader, and appears suddenly grown up and savvy, although clearly still 12. The ad ends with her sashaying past the biggest player on the team, who upon seeing the girl gets leery-eyed, tosses away his football and walks the girl to an empty grandstand, where he loops his arm over her shoulder.

What, you may ask, the hell is going on here?

Time reports that Polanski is "furious" about the rape charge because "whatever he did would have been viewed as no major matter in Europe." If he's right, so was Emerson when he urged Americans to divorce themselves from European culture and found their own, though by Europe's "courtly muses" Emerson did not mean dirty old men. Dirty old men like Polanski and readers of child porn magazines such as *Lollitots* and *Naughty Horny Imps* we set aside in the culture, away from the main stream, in a place for creeps. But Johnson's Baby Shampoo and Coke are different matters indeed. When these voices of middle America start playing dirty it's time to notice.

No advertiser uses an idea or expression unless he's sure that it has been absorbed in the culture. "Right on, brother" was the war cry of the '60s, attached from black argot to white in political rallies. Before the '60s ended the Papermate Pen Company had devised the jingle, "Write on, brother, write on," sung by Johnny Brown, a black comedian. The ad (one supposes) sold pens, but it was also a way of defusing the war cry, indirectly of defusing anti-capitalist politics; of appealing to the public with the public's language, yet punishing the public with its own invention.

The assumption behind the ads for Johnson's and Coke might be that the companies didn't invent the sexual abuse of little girls, we did; and that now the time is right to approve of perversion openly. Yet these unnerving ads seem less a celebration of dark thoughts than a direct form of punishment for two cultural phenomena, also of the '60s, which have no connection with sexual perversion.

The more prominent phenomenon is feminism, which was too hot to handle a few years ago, but now is being backlashed on a variety of fronts, from the non-ratification of the ERA to Geritol ads ("I think I'll keep her!") to a new pro-feminist series by Norman Lear, the sure death-knell for any social concern. Even Carter's promotion of the integrity of the family has worked against women's rights because the image of family it evokes is (probably deliberately) unspecified, and thus takes the conventional hierarchical shape in the public mind.

The other phenomenon is the youth cult. The abuse of children in these ads may be read as the reactions of a youth-obsessed country against the stage of life it envies and cannot reclaim, but it also may be a specific reaction against those ungrateful brats of the '60s who tore up town and gown, taking out their petty frustrations on decent, bewildered old folks. When the kids ran *Wild in the Streets* there was no touching them, but now with the old folks back in power and youth itself meek as a lamb and headed for med school, even Coke which used to be the "real thing" to "California girls" has turned around to revenge itself on a 12-year-old.

This punishment theory is guesswork, of course, and in part can be countered by cultural examples proving that a weird and depraved public simply enjoys seeing little girls in suggestive positions, and always has. *Lolita* takes the cake, but we have also had *Baby Doll* with Carroll Baker cuddling her stuffed animals in Karl Malden's bed; and *Gigi*, which despite its zesty melodies and the curiously asexual demeanor of Louis Jourdan, is one of the kinkier stories ever told. Soon we will see Brooke Shields, a pink-faced child angel playing an adolescent prostitute in *Pretty Baby*. Compared to such things Coke and Johnson's may feel that they're pretty tame. That football player isn't Lance Rentzel, is he?

Or even if the punishment theory holds, the companies may be saying it's you professors and shopkeepers, not we, who want back at these kids and banshees. When we cast a salacious eye on children we're defending your social honor, your good solid vision of a stable America.

Maybe. But America has no current reason to wish to see women and children punished in ads, if in fact it ever had; whereas big business does have a special, time-honored reason not only to wish vengeance but to administer it. In their heydays both feminism and the youth cult represented deliberate disruptions of business as usual, and as the East India Company discovered some years back, such disruptions are hell on profits. As long as these two movements are down, it's sound business practice to keep them there.

If these companies do feel threatened by the two movements, that's their business—narrow-minded, destructive, perverse beyond the perversions they manipulate, yet their own. But we still have to live with this high-priced litter flung at us show after show, paper after paper in a culture where ads are art. So we have a right to yell foul once in a while, particularly when we see something blatantly disgraceful, and smell a rat besides. Foul.

Roger Rosenblatt

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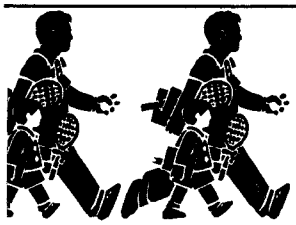
TRB, *from page 2*

challenge facing the US today."

Henry Kissinger is only a stage prop for the battle now beginning; the real question is whether the new American president, as a leader, can lead. Can he spend his newly accumulated popularity for national objectives in Congress and buy them at the right price? This includes his economic objectives, his anti-inflation package, his labor, tax, tariff proposals and all the rest of it. I have a notion he can, if he's careful, and if he abandons any idea he may have of a confrontation with the Democratic majority in Congress and of "appealing over its head" to the public. His job now isn't confrontation; his job is now compromise, persuasion and guileful strategy. The real test of Mr. Carter is beginning.

So far as he has gone the President strikes me as being a middle-of-the-road moderate with occasional surprising populist overtones and an incalcuable penumbra of Bible Belt moralism. Whether the latter is an asset or a liability remains to be seen. So far he has gone just far enough to encourage the liberals, and held back just far enough to please the conservatives. How difficult he is to forecast was shown in the Moscow SALT proposals when the die-hard hawks led by Senator Henry Jackson first emotionally denounced, then praised, negotiator Paul Warnke. Actually, the evidence seems to indicate that President Carter offered the Russians extremely tough terms, for good or ill.

On the energy crisis we think Mr. Carter is going to throw everything he has into explaining to the public the fix we're in, what he proposes to do about it and how he plans to equalize the inevitable sacrifices. If he's not tough enough he may see the American energy joy ride go over the cliff; if he's too tough he can bring back recession. America's undisciplined lifestyle is in transition; the 70-mile-an-hour highway, and the 70-degree home, are on their way out, it appears. We assume the administration will aid lower income groups threatened by higher energy costs by offsets in prices and taxes. We assume it will make available credits for the vast cost of switching from oil to coal, or to other fuels. We assume there will be some honey for business, too, as there was in the pending economic stimulus package. Here as elsewhere a Carter-style approach seems to be shaping.



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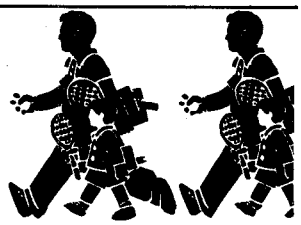

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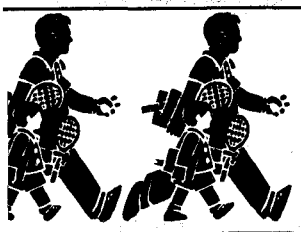

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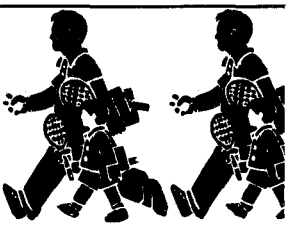

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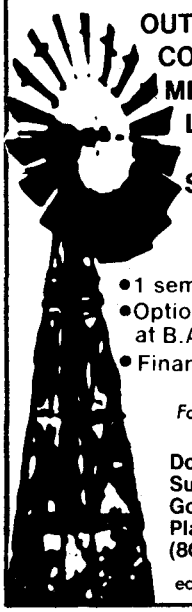

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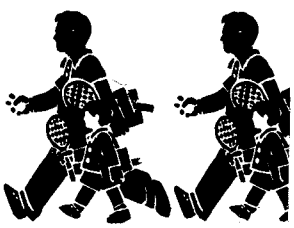

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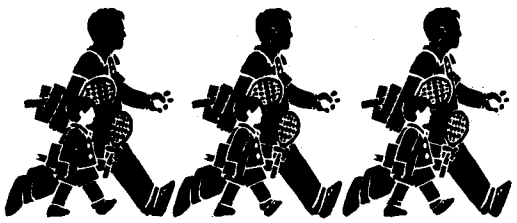

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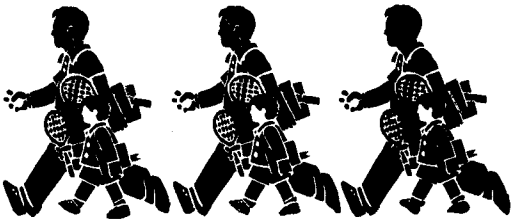

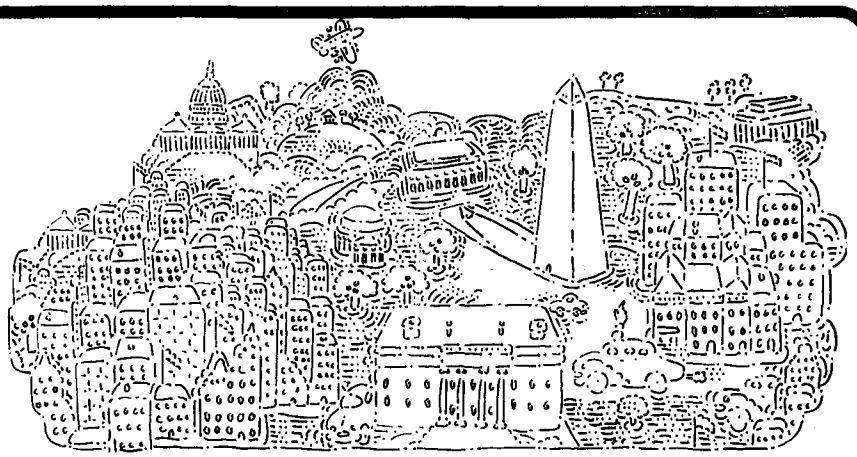

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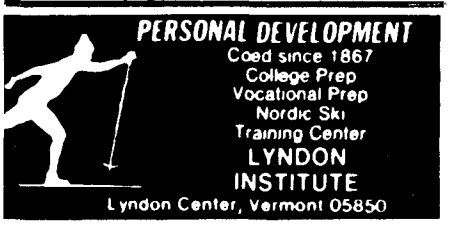

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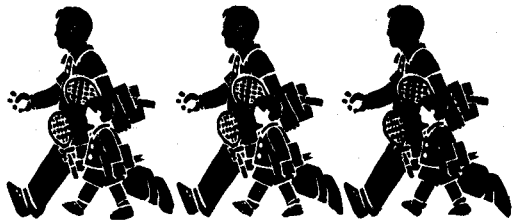

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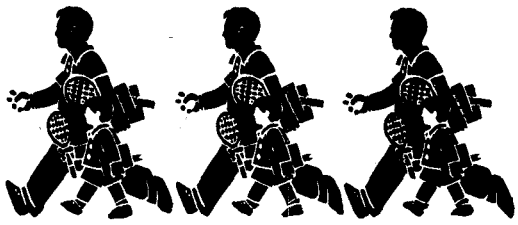

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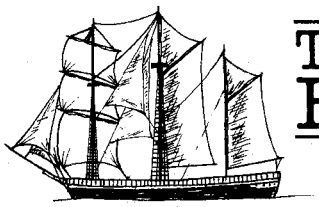

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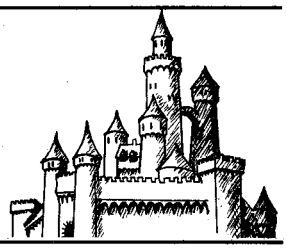

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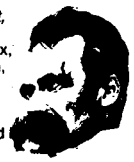

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Washington Diarist

Missing Memorials

The idea of architectural preservation has taken root here in the past few years, spurred by the *Washington Post*'s architecture critic, Wolf Von Eckardt, and various citizens' organizations that now have a heartening list of stays of execution to their credit. But while the city's 19th century heritage has come to be recognized, more recent structures have fallen victim to the wrecker's ball with scarcely a civic eyebrow raised in their defense. Just in the past year I can think of four buildings of the 1930s that have disappeared without a trace: the Heurich Building, the Trans-Lux and Apex Theaters, and worst of all (or best, depending on your point of view) the Roger Smith Hotel, site of Washington's last roof garden. The lobby and dining room of the Roger Smith were refurbished in 1939 by designer Lawrence Emmons in classic art deco, and this gave the place an offhand New Deal era ambience that the trendiest of modern night clubs struggle mightily to achieve. There was an auction of the furnishings shortly before it was torn down, and I went along, feeling like a body-picker from Dickens's *A Christmas Carol*. Franklin Roosevelt and his family had lived on an upper floor of the Roger Smith when he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy in Woodrow Wilson's administration. Remembering there was a commemorative plaque in the suite I climbed eight marble staircases to see if I might make a bid. It turned out that the new owner had carried it off before the auction, and all that was left were four holes in the plaster. Now all that is left of the Roger Smith is an enormous hole at the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and—well, now, what was it, 18th or 19th Street? The glass and concrete skyline of Washington makes it all too easy to forget.

H. L. Mencken didn't believe much in progress. He said that a Puritan was a person distracted by the idea that someone, somewhere was enjoying himself. He would have been pleased by a remark recently made by our current First Lady, Rosalynn Carter. It is now well known that she has declined to serve alcohol in the executive mansion, and visitors must now, presumably, fortify themselves elsewhere before enduring presidential entertainment. "It's really kind of funny to me," she told the *New York Times*, "to see people kind of squirm because we don't serve liquor in the White House. I kind of enjoy it. It doesn't bother me at all." It doesn't bother her, of course, because she kind of admitted at the end of the interview that she and Jimmy have a kind of private stock of the hard stuff upstairs. Is that what is meant by Southern hospitality? Richard Nixon supposedly served his guests cheap wine on the presidential yacht and instructed his stewards to serve him Chateau Margaux, hiding the label with a towel. Ah, well—Washingtonians have the satisfaction of repeating to themselves that First Ladies come and First Ladies go. The last one to insist on a dry White House, apart from the Prohibition years, was Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes, immortally dubbed "Lemonade Lucy." Have we any suggestions for Mrs. Carter? Royal Crown Rosalynn?

A sure sign of Spring is the revival of the baseball season. Washington has not had a professional team since 1971, a trauma for some and a relief for others. A great deal of time, money and effort has been wasted in the past six years trying to lure someone to play in the nation's capital. It seems, though, that in these years baseball has changed beyond recognition. Recently, pitcher Dick Bosman was dropped from the Oakland Athletics without notice and was unable to find employment on any other team, except for one insulting offer from the minor leagues. He has now bitterly sworn off baseball and intends to devote himself full-time to his job at a car dealer in the Washington area. "It'll be a relief," he says, "to deal with straightforward, honest people again." How bad can baseball be?

There has been a lot of loose talk lately about abolition of the Electoral College. This is one of those recurrent acts of destruction that reformers dream will usher in the peaceable kingdom, rather like the 18-year-old vote. My own reservation is that killing it off will require another constitutional amendment, and such an amendment is being sponsored with vigor and enthusiasm by Senator Birch Bayh. It might be well to remember Senator Bayh's previous constitutional amendment, a classic example of a half-thought idea being rushed into law and having extraordinary and unforeseen consequences. It seems incredible to think that what stimulated the 25th Amendment was the prospect, in late 1963, that President Lyndon Johnson, who now has been dead for four years, might be succeeded by the aged and feeble Speaker of the House John McCormack, who is still alive. Bayh shoved through his notion of an appointed Vice President, and scarcely a decade later we were faced with the spectacle of a tottering President appointing his own successor, who in turn appointed *his* own Vice President, placing the White House (if Gerald Ford had died or become disabled) two bodies away from the electorate. Suppose Nixon had had his way and named John Connally instead of Ford? Why should a disgraced office-holder have the opportunity to anoint his replacement? Why should the nation be hostage to Birch Bayh's bright ideas?

As the tourists begin to converge, as they do every year at this time, they might notice that Washington is a city of commemorations. Everyone, it seems, who has had even the slightest impact on our national life is represented by an equestrian statue, or a park, a building, a street—everyone, in fact, except the one man who, in the well-worn phrase, made Washington, and America, what it is: Franklin Roosevelt. There is a James McPherson Square, Douglas MacArthur Boulevard, Whitney Young Bridge, Dulles Airport, Eisenhower Theater (an oxymoron if ever there was), Robert Taft carillon, Dirksen Senate Office Building; statues of Taras Shevchenko (Ukrainian poet), Robert Emmett (Irish patriot), Mary McLeod Bethune. There aren't even any schools named for FDR, in a metropolitan area that boasts schools named for Malcolm X, Calvin Coolidge, a baseball player (Walter Johnson), a British prime minister (Winston Churchill) and a Confederate general (J. E. B. Stuart). There is a miniscule slab behind the National Archives that was paid for by private donations and represents FDR's own idea of a suitable memorial, but it is scandalous that 32 years after his death the most influential American of this century remains ignored in his capital city. *Si momentum requiris, circumspice.*

P. T.

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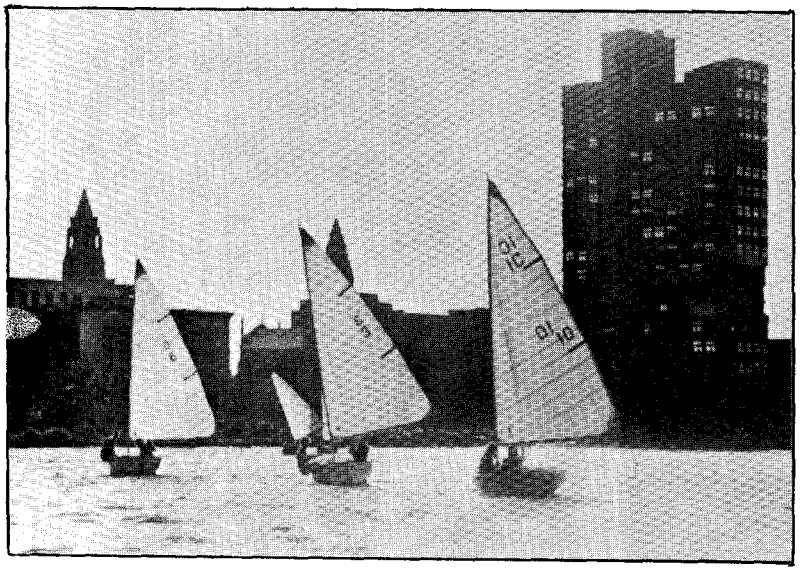
Boston University Summer Term



Boston University's Summer Term program has won recognition for its diversity, intensity and innovation. In 1977, the University is expanding and refining what's gone before.

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Equally significant is the Public Communications Institute. This six-week, 12 credit program will expose students to many areas of public communication through practical application and contact with visiting professionals. The University's program of non-credit courses includes a full array of arts, social, cultural and personal enrichment offerings. And the unique Institute in Broadcast Sports will examine the interrelationship between the television and radio industries and organized sports.

There'll be a special resident program for pre-college students, offerings in Gerontology, education institutes, workshops in music, a complete pre-medical program, a thorough computer curriculum—in all, more than 800 courses. And the cost of auditing has been reduced to make the Summer Term accessible to everyone.

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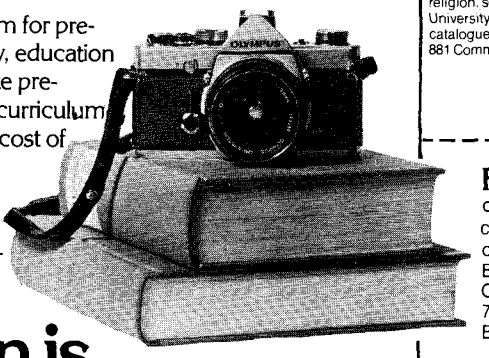

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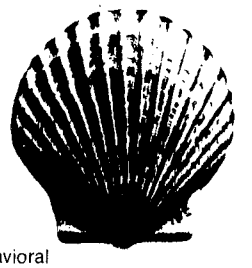

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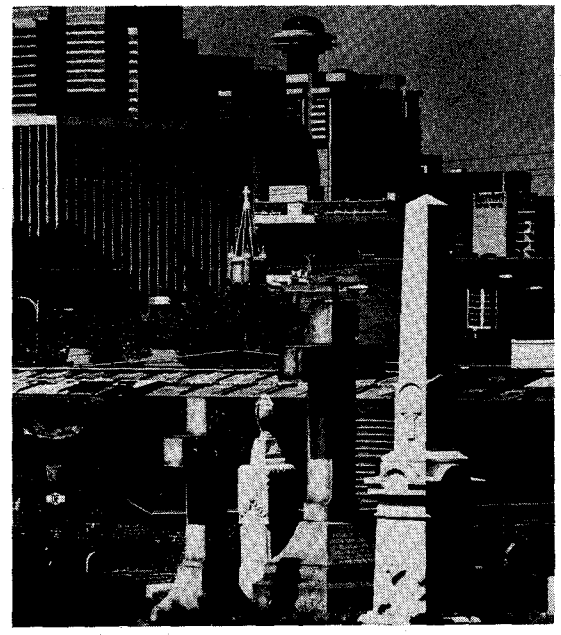

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